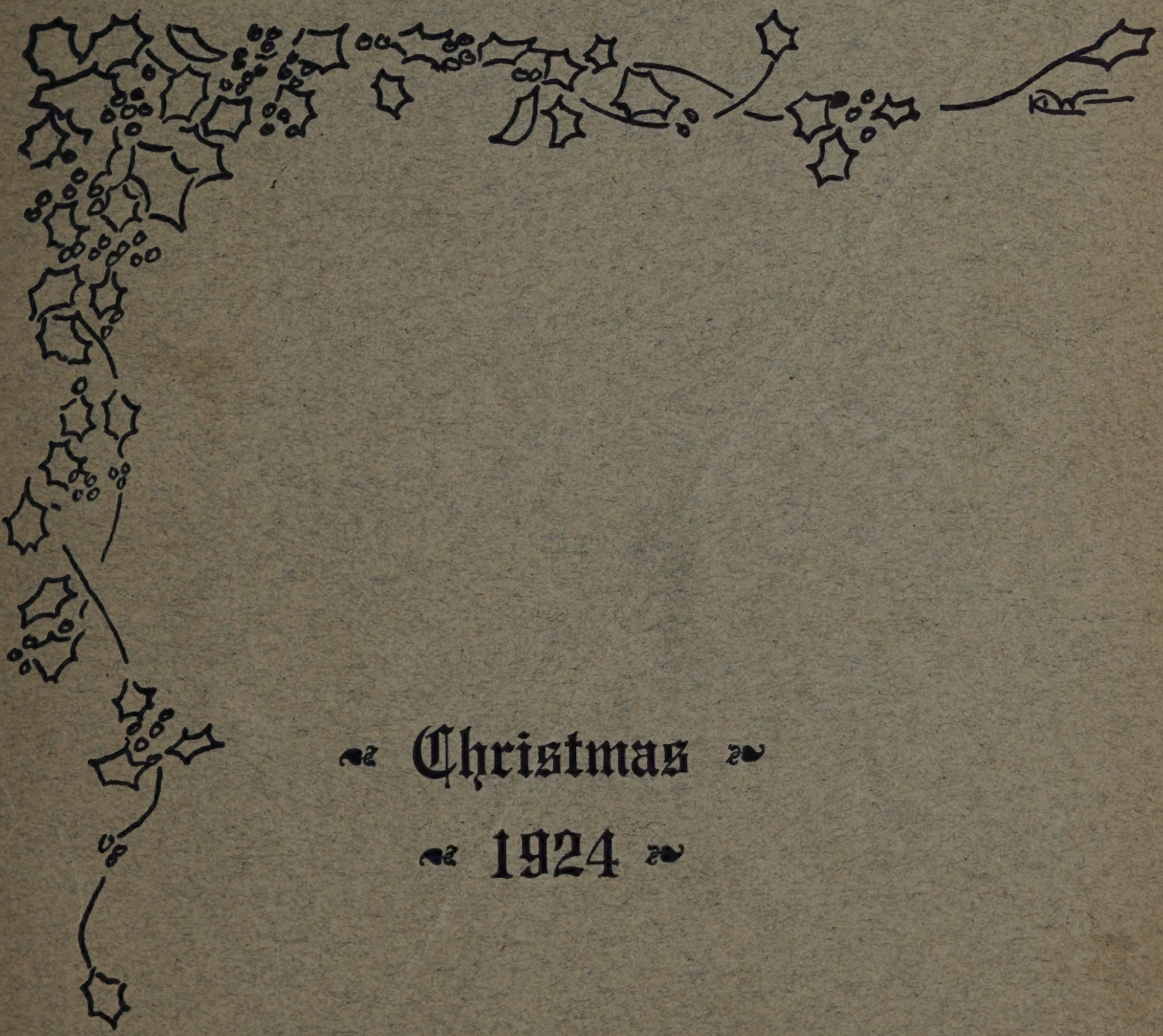


# THE ADVOCATE



~ Christmas ~

~ 1924 ~



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*To the Students :*

*Show your SCHOOL SPIRIT by backing those  
who backed us—*

**OUR ADVERTISERS**

MENTION THE ADVOCATE



# The Advocate

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THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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MENTION THE ADVOCATE



The Advocate Board respectfully dedicates this issue of the Advocate to the new members of the Faculty.

MISS FLORENCE DUDLEY  
MISS MARY MATTEWSON  
MISS LETITIA SAWYER  
MR. ROBERT FRAZIER  
MR. CHESTER DELANO  
MR. ALFRED JOHNSON  
MISS GEORGIANA TAYLOR

## Editorials

### N. H. S.

"She has the rep, she has the pep, she surely plays the game."

"School spirit" has been the subject of editorials for so long that in considering it as a necessary constituent of our new school and its organization, we shall have to camouflage the term in order to attract attention, therefore the heading. What is more, N. H. S. exemplifies those attributes.

We have a fine school, good faculty members, and excellent equipment; all that is needed is school "enthusiasm." N. H. S. seems to be developing a splendid spirit this year; for example, consider the pep rally held just before the Natick game. Although we did not win the game, the rally had its desired effect and showed that the school as a whole is back of all its extra-curricular activities. As long as we have the necessary elements of a splendid organization it isn't conceit to let the fact be known; in reality that truth is known, but nothing can rest on its reputation and be sure of itself; moreover, we want the reputation enlarged.

"She has the rep, she has the pep, she surely plays the game." Is there any opposition to that statement? Certainly N. H. S. as a whole has all of that and more, but couldn't we as individuals "play up" to a greater extent and make the cheer our motto? That is where "School enthusiasm" comes in, where the individuals "playing up" comes in by working for the school reputation instead of personal comfort. It was very noticeable last year and, although the outside speakers this year have so far been few, is a little noticeable this year that when a speaker has addressed the school for about ten minutes, a part of the assembly gets bored and begins to tend to their own enjoyment, apparently unable to derive any bene-

fit from the address and therefore assuming that nobody else in the room would like to hear the speaker. When the lecturer finishes he is likely to carry away not the best possible reputation, but more often an unfavorable impression. "School enthusiasm" ought to remedy that fault. Individuals "playing up" will place N. H. S. still higher in the list of school reputations. However, as was said previously, N. H. S. is developing a splendid spirit, or rather has one, this year in a size proportionate to our new building. By working still more for the school and its activities, we are going to inculcate school ideals which will produce efficient leaders.

W. M. S., Jr., '26



### Appreciation

What a small word with which to make clear our expression of gratitude for all that the town has done for us. The Senior High School student body realizes the many sacrifices which the town is making in its behalf.

Many important projects which our town greatly needs to develop have been placed in the obscurity of future years in order that our new building might be constructed and equipped in the most modern and efficient manner. When we first entered the building, what impressed us most was the vastness of our surroundings; but we soon acknowledged the wisdom of our elders in providing for the future.

We believe that the best way of showing the townspeople our appreciation of their expenditure, forethought, and sacrifice is by using our new building with care, and by upholding those principles which best express our gratitude.

J. W. A., '25



# Literature

## Toodles's "Control"

By RUTH BURGESS, '26

Mrs. Hendrick Van Buskick would not be comforted. Her pet poodle had somehow been mislaid by the maids during the bustle of getting ready to leave for their summer home.

"Oh, those careless, good-for-nothing maids! They probably let the dear thing get out of the door. I just know some wretch has stolen him and my little baby boy won't get a proper dinner, if he gets one at all."

"There, there, my dear, don't get all excited over nothing," soothed Mr. Van Buskick. "Toodles has probably been found and reported to the police and is sleeping peacefully in a corner of the station."

"My Toodlums in a police station! Probably lying on the cold floor. He will catch cold and die. Dear, dear, dear!" Mrs. Van Buskick again was overcome by tears. Mr. Van Buskick was only able to pace the floor nervously and vainly attempt to soothe his wife. Finally he rang for the butler.

"You rang, sir?" asked Hawkins, the butler.

"Call the police station, Hawkins, and find whether Toodles has been reported yet."

"Very well, sir. Thank you, sir."

This was about the seventeenth call Hawkins had made and he was beginning to find it very trying.

"Such a fuss about a plain, ordinary pup. Just because it has white, curly hair, they make a big rumpus over it. I hope they don't find the pesky thing."

After making the call he reported that nothing thus far had been heard concerning the poodle.

Mrs. Van Buskick had by this time somewhat recovered herself. She distractedly picked up a recent magazine. Her eye fell upon the following advertisement:

Mme. Sophronia — Crystal-Gazer.

Have you lost anything? Let Mme. find it for you. She knows all.

"Oh! Why not go to see Madame!"

She immediately called her husband. She suggested that they both go, but he said that he thought that he would be needed at home to receive any calls that might come in.

She set out alone and in a few minutes arrived at Madame Sophronia's apartment.

Mrs. Van Buskick poured forth her troubles to the sympathetic Madame who soon began her Crystal-gazing.

"I see a fluffy —"

"Yes, that's my Toodlums."

"He is limping slowly up a dirty tenement district. A little street urchin is approaching him." Mrs. Van Buskick held her breath.

"The boy mercilessly kicks him."

"Wretch! Oh, how can they bear to hurt such a frail, tender, little thing!"

"Wait! He disappears. Madam think of your dog and he will be returned. The spirits are aiding you in finding your pet."

Madame swayed and went into a trance.

For a moment all was very still except for Mrs. Van Buskick's short, nervous breathing. Then Madame's voice which seemed to Mrs. Van Buskick to come from another world.

"Oh! My control has me in his power. He has a message to transmit. Yes, Samuel, I await your message." A tense silence.

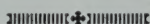
"The dog will soon be here, madam."

"Dear little Toodlums, I hope he's all right."

Crash! Splintered glass flew in all directions and from its midst the form of a "sausage hound" landed squarely in the lap of Mrs. Van Buskick.

"Take the creature away, fakir," screeched Mrs. Van Buskick.

And faster than Toodle ever arrived from the spiritual realm, Mrs. Van Buskick deserted the graceful, clinging vine "control" of her late pet.



## For Love of a Father

By JANE PEIRCE, '25

The shot rang out in the clear, quiet night. "Lord! I've done it!" cried the elderly man kneeling beside the form of his younger son.

"He's dead! Shot by his father. I can't stay here. They'd say I'd done it. But I didn't—of course I shot him, but I didn't mean to. I must go away!"

Through the fields and woods the man walked. On he paced until before him was the railroad station. Down the straight track rumbled the only train that day to Wayside, a country town not far distant.

At the station the train stopped and the brooding man stepped on. Swiftly he was carried off to that little town.

"Say, Lucy, have you seen that new man who walked in on us?" said Martha in a group of Wayside villagers.

"No, Marty, I h'aint, but take my word, any man who ain't any too anxious to tell his name isn't a 'spectable person. Mind my words," she sputtered, poking the chunky face of her companion with her long, thin finger.

"Yes, he be queer. Don't associate with no one. Just lives by his self. Oh, here he comes," she exclaimed.

Down the street the man appeared.

"Say, where'd you come from?" Lucy asked.

"I don't know," he answered, laying his basket at his feet. "No, I don't know, and

you know, I wish I did. It's annoying not to know where you came from and to have people talking about you," he answered slowly.

"Yes, I think you would want to know. A person who doesn't know where he came from is a pretty poor sort of man," she sneered.

"Thank you. There are some things that a person can't help," he softly said and withdrew.

"Did you ever!" Martha ejaculated.

Back to his little home he went, back to his home where no one would question his identity. On his threshold he sat smoking. All around him was a comforting silence. Only a bird broke his soliloquy but it did not interfere with his thoughts.

"Great Scott!" he yelled jumping with a start, "The parson's barn is on fire. My pail!" and he was off.

Across the fields he rushed, but others were before him. The waterline was at work. People called at random to any one. They ran in all directions. "My baby!" one woman yelled rushing through the mass.

"It's too late, Lucy," one man calmly answered.

"It's not too late," the old man retorted. "A life is a life." He nimbly climbed the ladder and disappeared. A moment, two



moments, and his voice was heard. "Hold the blanket!" Instantly he was obeyed. A little black object fell through the air and dropped into the blanket — a cat.

"My baby!" Lucy cried hugging the little thing.

Her attention was focused upon her baby but the now silent spectators with a nervous tensiety watched to see the life-saver come.

"I'll be out," he was feebly heard to murmur and he came. One foot was on the ladder! The figure reeled and fell down.

With reverence he was borne to the rustic hut. Loving hands made his bed, fed him, and cleaned his home.

For a week he lay motionless. Neither the body or mind consented to recuperate. Slowly his physical person recovered, but his mental being was confused.

One morning when the villagers went to see him he could not be found. Where was he?

"I remember," he whispered that morning early, "It all comes back to me now. I shot my son, my darling son. I fled out here — to escape justice? No, it couldn't be that. Home! I'm going home," he exclaimed.

Once more he was on the railroad. Once

more he saw his own station. And once more he slowly but firmly trod the sidewalks. Up one street and down another he walked, stopping only when he faced the police station. For a moment he wavered but then with head held high he entered.

"Captain," he said, "I'm Mr. Burr. About three or four years ago I shot a man — my son. I think I was stunned by my deed but I don't remember. Anyway, I got hurt in a fire and it all came back and — here I am."

"Well, Mr. Burr, this is very queer. The man who said he killed a Mr. Burr is in jail now. As it happened the victim recovered."

He lifted the telephone and said, "Number 6014."

The door opened, "My son!"

"Father!"

"It's all right now," cried the old man. "I understand. My oldest son lied to save his father's name and my youngest boy never betrayed us."

As the Captain tip-toed away from the scene he was seen to gaze abstractedly at the rain storm muttering to himself, "A wonderful night."

## Leaves

By ESTHER RIDEOUT, '25

When soon the autumn leaves will fall  
They'll make a carpet over all.  
The ground will be of red and gold,  
A cover changing soon to mold,  
But why should we weep o'er this trait?  
Let's live to-day — forget its fate!

## Hallowe'en Night

By ESTHER RIDEOUT, '25

Goblins marching, creeping, stealing,  
Goblins running, racing, reeling;  
Lights now bright, now dim, now vanished,  
What was that? A witch?

Broomsticks flying, twisting, twirling,  
Bearing forms with black robes swirling,  
Shadows, darkening, lightening, shifting,  
Did I see a ghost?

Noises scraping, scratching, squeaking,  
Doors and windows rattling, creaking,  
Ghostly figures through them slinking,  
Spooks and Hallowe'en!

## Autumn

By ELEANOR JARVIS, '26

Where bend the flower heads at ev'n  
O'er hill an vale, o'er mountain tall,  
In falling leaves of color gay,  
Strides Autumn, season best of all.

O'er field and meadow, farmhouse drear,  
To brighten nature's earlier sway,  
She comes in garments red and gray  
From brightest red to sombrest gray.

In wand'ring through the woods, we see  
Her tripping light from tree to tree;  
She speeds along 'til winter comes,  
Then bids adieu most vividly.



## The Christmas Prophecy

By ESTELLE HAMILTON, '25

Mrs. Avery sat dreaming one bleak November evening. The wind was howling and it was certainly a dreary night. The shutters were banging back and forth and every board in the house seemed to creak. The children had gone to bed, and she was alone once more. It was nothing unusual for her to be alone. Her husband was a sea captain and was only home about two months out of the year. As she let her thoughts ramble on, the same old question came to her mind. If only Jack would leave the seas and live at home. Of course this was impossible. Sea life was the only one Jack knew, and he loved it. Sometimes it frightened her to think he thought so much of those black waters, which to her only spoke of dangers. He had promised that some day he would surprise her. But that was on their wedding day, ten years ago. Now he loved his ship and the seas more than ever.

She tried to dream of next June when he would return. But the night atmosphere ruled otherwise. Christmas was not far away. This day was the hardest time of all. This afternoon they had been speaking of Christmas and Billy had told her he wanted a big sail-boat. If ever Billy should, oh no — he wouldn't go off and leave her, too. This thought seemed horrible to the poor lonesome woman. Billy was nine. He was the only boy, a brother to six sisters. In spite of this fact he was a real boy. Too real, at times, to suit his gentle mother. He was like his father in many ways. His sisters had often told him he was like "a bull in a china shop." This always made Mrs. Avery smile to herself, for didn't Jack always remind her of the same object?

There were many just such lonesome evenings as this. Jack's letters cheered the children, but they seemed rather dull to Mrs. Avery. There was never any mention

of coming home. All he spoke of was the ship, the mates, or the storms.

One afternoon Emily came running home from school to announce she wanted her mother to go up town with her, quick.

"But, Emily, this is Christmas week, and Mother is too busy to go running out whenever you want me to."

"Just for about a half an hour, mother, please."

"But what for?"

"Well, Mrs. Cranz's sister just came to visit her, and she's a fortune teller, and she's telling everybody all about themselves and everything. And, I want to know what she'll tell you."

"Emily, how many times must I tell you not to pay any attention to such people. They are foolish! And, if I catch you saying any more about fortune tellers, you will be sorry."

"But, Mother" — insisted Emily. She dared not say any more, because although Mrs. Avery was a very quick and patient woman, she had her children under perfect control. Each one of the girls was excited about the news Mrs. Cranz's sister had spread. Even Billy, after much coaxing, admitted he had gone in and seen her.

That night, after the children had retired, Mrs. Avery went to call on Mrs. Cranz. She soon met the much talked of sister, and before long was eagerly listening to the mysterious tales which she was unfolding. She related many things about her children and home life. Mrs. Avery marveled at the way in which she described her lonesome existence. Finally she told her that her husband would return very shortly and probably remain at home. At first, Mrs. Avery rejoiced but on her way home she realized that this event was impossible as he couldn't get home until June, at the earliest.



She did not have much time to recall her interview after that night. There were many preparations for Christmas. The night before Christmas came and there was nothing from Jack. He had always remembered them before. She couldn't imagine what was the matter. It was nearly midnight

when she finished decorating the tree. She was just looking over her evening's task, when the doorbell rang. At first she was frightened but then she realized how silly she was, and hurried to the door. When she opened the door, a gruff voice said: "Merry Christmas, dear, I've come home to stay."



## The Tree

By RUTH PAULINE NORCROSS, '26

O thou gift from God,  
Strength and beauty unimpaired,  
Whose leafy boughs stretch heavenward  
An offering pure of love.  
As a landmark known  
To men of races old and new,  
Wonderous majesty, a lesson taught to many  
In sweet solitude.



## Autumn

By G. W. BURGESS, '25

Time when the leaves are changing their colors,  
Time when the mornings are frosty and clear;  
Time when the squirrel scurries and chatters,  
Autumn most beautiful time of the year.

Time when we see the leaves falling downward,  
Bidding us frolic and be of good cheer;  
Then do we turn our minds and thoughts upward,  
Autumn, most beautiful time of the year.



## Autumn Twilight

By ELIZABETH E. EATON, '25

The twilight o'er us softly creeps  
And through a tree a pale star peeps  
The glow of autumn's sun now fades,  
The hills, and dells, and forest glades  
Are tinged with deeper crimson hues  
That autumn sun alone imbues.

The night appears; the daylight hides  
Its face—all things in peace abide  
A night bird calls from tree to tree,  
His voice re-echoes clear and free  
And then is answered by the night,  
Rest and quiet rule till light.

## Christmas Cheer

By HORACE B. PREBLE, '26

Hark, to the Christmas bells  
Man's heart shou'd sing  
Christ's birthday comes today  
Let echoes ring.

God sent to earth his son  
Our lives to save  
Let us raise praise on high  
To Him who gave.



## Thanksgiving

By MARION STEVENS, '26

Thanksgiving is a gay time,  
The happiest of all the year,  
Where we all come together  
Each other's tales to hear.  
There's Tom, who's been to college,  
And Sue, and brother Jim,  
And, of course, our dear old mother,  
Is there and in fine trim.

'Tis fine to share the turkey  
'Tis fine to laugh and sing  
But it brings more happiness  
To the whole family ring  
To see the pride mother takes  
In each and every one.  
We are all thankful for mother,  
Each daughter and each son.



## Christmas Morn

By MARGARET WOODS, '26

The clock stood on the mantel  
And everything was still  
Except the ticking time piece  
Which had been on many a sill.

The tree was in the corner  
Dazzling, shining and bright;  
And ever seemed to say:  
"Peace on earth this night."



## A Cape Cod Windmill

By SAMUEL LADD, '25

In the quaint little town of Chatham on the sandy Cape, rests one of the oldest windmills in this country. As we wander up the sandy Cape road that leads around the sand dunes and over the shoulder of a nearby hill, the mill comes into view. A rusty weatherbeaten structure of over the century and a half mark looms up before us a silhouette against the clear blue sky. The long guide post with wheel attached, once useful, now is as motionless as the structure itself. The turret at the top long since refuses to move. The wings, which reach to the ground in spite of pieces missing, are chained so that they can only creak and groan in the wind. The interior may be seen by entering the little door at the base. Inside on the fast decaying floor are the millstone and many rods. The long iron shaft to the top of the mill is rusted red, and grinds and scrapes in the breeze. Looking upward one may see the little patches of light in the ever present darkness. These holes have been made by the cold off-shore winds of a Cape Cod winter. The loosened shingles have been blown off and never replaced. Out in the open air once more we see the sun sinking below the distant hills. How many times the old mill has seen such sights no one can answer. We again descend and once more are upon the winding road. As we look back, we see the old mill, with its cedar shingles covered with moss, like a silent sentinel guarding the town. Soon the last of the old structure disappears from view as we go along in the gathering dusk.

## An Old-Fashioned Desk

By ESTHER RIDEOUT, '25

A quill pen, ink, and gleaming paper — how long such a combination has been used by the various generations inheriting the old desk. It is heavy and solid, obviously an enduring thing, a piece of furniture suitable for business men and gentlemen with responsibilities. Yet its polished, walnut surface shows the loving care of many a feminine hand, while graceful lines proclaim it a fit resting place for the fingers of a lady.

What scenes it has witnessed: pathetic and funny, dramatic and tender — the time when the youngest daughter of the household was caught writing a letter "just the same way that sister wrote to her fiance," as it had been discovered when big sister wasn't looking; the day that a reply was sent to a letter from a boy of the generation after that, who had to tell his parents of falling into temptation; and the event so long ago, when a whole family had gathered around the desk, then nearly new, to superintend the writing of a letter to an exceedingly famous person who had become well enough acquainted with the family to be invited to stop for a night on his way to a far-off city.

If the satiny wood could only preserve all the faces once reflected there, the varying expressions would be as good as any history of the family. We have wished that the desk could speak, but perhaps it is just as well, for things now veiled in romance would lose their thrilling powers and how many times we would be bored by the recitation of occurrence, in reality everyday and commonplace, which had formerly seemed so unusual as to make the desk the most prized heirloom of the family.



## Evening

By RUTH GORDON, '25

The changing sky,  
Birds homeward fly,  
The dark'ning shadows ling'ring lie.  
The sun sinks low,  
Leaves just a-glow,  
And gently evening winds do blow.

No gleam is left,  
The earth's at rest,  
And all in pall of black is dressed.  
The stars gleam bright,  
Send forth their light,  
Like tiny guides in the dark night.



## "Or Go to Europe"

By CATHERINE COATES, '25

With her coat wrapped close around her and a few pieces of music tucked under her arm, Jennie Hastings crossed from the station to the studio where she was to take her lesson.

During the long hour she tried to keep her mind on what she was doing but it seemed to revolve around the question, "Will he have a position to offer me today?" Finally the lesson ended and Mr. Amour bowed her ceremoniously out the door.

Struggling bravely for composure she hastened to the station. All the way back home the engine seemed to say "Chug—What's the use?—chug—chug—Why sacrifice?—chug—What's the use?—chug—Why try hard?—chug—What's the use? chug—Is it worth the trouble? Puff." The train stopped at the little snow-smothered station. Jennie jumped to the platform and hurried off into the confusion of dark sky and white world.

Almost an hour of heavy traveling in the undisturbed snow brought her before the small brown cottage where a lamp shone welcome. Just as she turned in the path, a middle-aged gentleman who was boarding with them came out, bowed, spoke a word of greeting and went on.

Unsuccessfully trying to conceal her weariness and discouragement, Jennie answered her mother's greeting.

"How did the lesson go today, my little song-bird?" asked the sweet elderly lady.

"Mr. Amour said that my lesson was fine but he did not say one word about a Christmas position. It is just two weeks before Christmas now and every church has its soloist and their plans are well under way. I should think that it was about time we got some little return for our struggle. It cannot be that I do not work hard enough, for Mr. Amour compliments me on my progress every lesson and never has he found

fault. It seems hardly fair for you to be slaving for a boarder, if nothing is to come of it all. If he could have given me some little church perhaps I would have reason to be disappointed, if I had ever even dreamed of the great St. Mark's but that is far beyond me." Poor Mrs. Hastings would have offered her sympathy, but being unused to seeing her always cheerful and happy daughter in this mood, hastily changed the subject.

After their evening meal was finished the mother settled herself in a thoughtful silence before the fireplace, and Jennie went to the old piano where her fingers ran softly over the keys playing some simple Christmas carols. Then forgetting all the day's disappointments she sang; she sang so that closing her eyes Mrs. Hastings could see that town of Bethlehem with the angels hovering over it and could hear the sweet call of "Peace."

Still carrying in her heart the message that Jennie's song brought to her, Mrs. Hastings made her way to bed, praying to her heavenly Father that he would give her girl strength to see through this discouragement and the many more that would come her way.

Strangely quieted by her own songs Jennie offered the same prayers when she, too, retired.

A week following this great disappointment, Mr. Amour called Jennie by telephone and told her that he would be very pleased if she could come into the studio the next afternoon.

When she complied with this request and went to the studio she found Mr. Amour waiting outside.

"If you don't mind being seen with an old man I should like very much if we took a walk," was his greeting accompanied with a fatherly smile. Jennie, more bewildered than before, agreed to walk miles if necessary.

They finally found themselves before the St. Mark's Cathedral where Mr. Amour suggested that they enter "because I think the choir is practicing their Christmas program and perhaps you would enjoy hearing them especially their soprano soloist who is one of my most promising pupils."

Still wondering why she was chosen to be the companion of her old teacher on his journey, Jennie assented and they entered.

The choir was seated in the lovely old choir-loft of this magnificent church and the leader stood before them directing the chorus through one of the carols.

"Oh Bob, so you brought one soprano to rehearse with us today. Welcome to our happy circle, little lady." Jennie looked around to see who the lucky soprano might be and found that she was the center of attention. Yes, Mr. Amour's name was

Robert, he had no one else with him, she was a soprano, why he must have meant her. What was the mistake. Then looking up to see who the speaker was she saw, looking down at her with kindly smiling eyes—their boarder. Then to straighten the poor confused girl out before she attempted to run away the three of them sat in one of the church pews and Mr. Amour said to his stupified audience before him:

"You see, Jennie, Fred Hendrix and I have been the best of friends for years and about a month ago he came to me and said that he wanted you to be the soprano soloist at St. Mark's Cathedral. He specified that he wished Christmas to be your first appearance and added, too, that it was to be a total surprise. So we set about making our plans and the job is yours until you find a better one or go to Europe.



## Sophocles vs. Molasses

By ALICE KINGSBURY, '26

When Deacon Ezra Hotchkiss made a visit to the country store that morning, he was accompanied as usual by "Sophocles" who was none other than the deacon's old hound, a well-known village character.

Sophocles was an ancient animal, long, thin, and mangy-looking with drooping ears and a woe-be-gone expression.

When Deacon Ezra and Sophocles arrived, the former observed a small racing car before the store. It was occupied by an immaculate white poodle who eyed Mr. Hotchkiss suspiciously.

The latter alighted from the buggy and leaving Sophocles peacefully wandering about outside, entered the store. He found a young lady standing at the counter and identified her at once as Miss Elsie Harper, one of the summer residents of the village and the driver of the car.

She was about to leave the store when a shrill bark, followed by a low growl, at-

tracted the attention of all. More yelps were heard and the sound of fighting. With one accord the shoppers moved toward the door and found their worst fears realized. Sophocles, his teeth firmly set in the nap of the poodle's neck, was giving the latter such a shaking as he had never before in his sheltered life, experienced.

"Oh, my darling!" shrieked the girl, and she swooped down upon the two warriors. She approached as near the scene of battle as she dared and shouted, "Molasses, Molasses, stop fighting! Do you hear what I say, stop fighting!"

But Molasses was given no choice in the matter. It was a one-sided battle and he was on the losing side.

The girl turned to the deacon angrily, "Why don't you call off your dog? Can't you see that he's just murdering Molasses?"

Mr. Hotchkiss cleared his throat deliberately. "Sophocles," he ordered sternly, "come here."



When this command had been repeated several times, Sophocles came, his tail between his legs and his ferocious spirit seemingly subdued.

"Don't you know better than to waste your time on a silly, little dog like that?" asked the deacon reproachfully.

Miss Harper, having taken Molasses tenderly in her arms, broke in at this point, saying, "He's not a silly dog and not half so stupid as that — that *brute!*"

Mr. Hotchkiss made an effort to preserve his dignity.

"I wouldn't have a dog that wouldn't mind me," he drawled, "It seems to me that I could make a number of improvements on that *insect.*"

"I'm sure I could make some on your dog," remarked Miss Harper coldly and with hauteur.

"Wanna try it?"

"Anything you say."

"We might exchange dogs for a spell, just to see what we could do," he suggested with a faint spark of humor in his eyes.

The young lady eyed Molasses doubtfully. "Did you mean that?"

"I sure did."

"And you'll treat Molasses with the utmost care?"

"I'll treat him jest the way his name says — Stickiness; and ma'am I'll stick to 'em!"

"Well, then, I don't see why it wouldn't be possible — just for a month or so."

The dogs were duly exchanged. It was with difficulty that Sophocles was persuaded to get into the automobile but Molasses seemed to have no spirit left and he submitted quietly to being placed in the buggy where he drooped in a wilted fashion.

"Then I shall return here with your dog one month from today at this hour," said Miss Harper.

"Yes, and I'll bring yours; good luck, you'll need it!"

The girl drove off and a moment later the buggy also made its leisurely exit.

A month had passed. Fall had come.

The members of the summer colony had returned to their city homes.

Deacon Hotchkiss was the first to arrive on the appointed day for the exchange.

Presently a limousine appeared. A girl and a dog stepped out. Sophocles had lost his miserable expression and walked with an air of grace as though he had at last come into his own.

"Since his fur has become thicker and he's so sleek looking," said Miss Harper, "he has really become an ornamental member of the household."

The metamorphosis of Molasses was striking, also. Though a somewhat doubtful color (could it be that he had once been white) he had become more alert and wide awake.

"He brings me my slippers every night," said the deacon, "He keeps the chickens out of the garden and the tricks he's learned — why, he's a regular circus dog! In fact, well — I — I hate to let Molasses go," said Hotchkiss. "I have grown fonder of him than I ever was of Sophocles."

"Why exchange then?" said the lady, "we're satisfied now and the dogs seem to be, also."

But such was not the case at that particular moment. Molasses, having revenge in mind had leaped upon Sophocles and buried his teeth in one of the latter's legs and was evidently causing him some pain. He yelped in much the same manner as Molasses had done the month before.

"Come here, Molasses," commanded the deacon in a deep voice.

Molasses reluctantly loosed his grasp. The dogs glowered at each other fiercely and it was necessary to hold Sophocles by the collar to keep him from attacking Molasses.

"Perhaps I'd better go," ventured Miss Harper.

"I think so. Be sure to take Sophocles with you. Goodbye."

"Well," said Ezra at last, "hop in, Molasses; I reckon you and I had better strike off towards home where stickers belong. Gid-dap!"

## Gossip!

By MILDRED L. JOY, '26

"My deahs! Did you ever hear such a thing?"

Twenty-one hands posed in the air preparatory to taking the next stitch in the blue-checked aprons, stopped. Twenty-one pairs of eyes gazed in astonishment and horror at the speaker and twenty-one heads were slowly shaken.

The speaker, having created such a sensation, leaned back in her chair and in return gazed at the twenty-one other members of East Ridgeton's Sewing Circle. Tall and angular was this person, Mrs. Nell. Her piercing eyes sparkled at the thought of the piece of gossip she had just given. Her thin face which betrayed a few wrinkles (much to her disgust) took on a triumphant smile.

"It most certainly is true!" reiterated her shrill voice.

Twenty-one mouths opened and gave

twenty-one gasps, and then a hubbub ensued.

"How could he!" tearfully exclaimed Mrs. Leighton. "He seemed so nice!"

"I *never* thought much of him!" snapped one woman with an "I-told-you-so" air.

"My Winnie isn't going to have anything more to do with *that* young man," declared a horrified mother. "Just *think* of such a thing!"

Mrs. Nell's piercing voice rang above the others. "I propose, ladies, that we have a committee visit him. I think I have quite a bit of influence with that gentleman — so if I was the chairman —"

A murmur of assent ran through the group, and the sewing meeting was broken up.

Soon twenty-one men were listening to the same tale —

Horrors! The minister was going to have stereopticon pictures in the church vestry!



## Woodland Scenes

By ESTHER SUTTON, '26

The sun is setting o'er the leafy bower,  
Reflecting all the glorious autumn shades:  
The crimson, gold, and green, of leaf and flower,  
That form the glory of the wooded glades.  
While overhead in branches of the trees,  
The feathered-folk their sleepy-songs are singing,  
And wafted softly on the evening breeze,  
Their sweet outbursts of melody come ringing.

The cloak of darkness veils the quiet night,  
No sound disturbs the melancholy spell,  
The moon, that heavenly orb so cold yet bright,  
Rises to shed her light o'er hill and dell.  
The wooded forest aisles before were dim,  
Now they are flooded with the radiant beams;  
The tall gaunt trees like ghostly specters grim,  
Stand black against the moonlights golden gleams.

The woodland scene this perfect autumn night,  
Serene and calm in silence and repose  
The weird but wond'rous beauty of the sight,  
Tranquility and harmony disclose.

## Christmas

By KATHRYN GILFOIL, '26

All the Christmas bells were ringing,  
Sweetest music filled the air  
Happy choir boys were singing  
In their robes so white and fair.

Children all with eager faces  
Turn their stockings inside out,  
Pull bright toys from hiding places  
Toss aloft with merry shout.



## Dame Luck

By CATHERINE GROVES, '26

Dame Luck is a coy maiden  
Who never likes one long.  
But while one's in her favor  
She cares not for right or wrong.

This seems an easy manner  
Of living. But beware  
For indeed she'll leave you some time  
With a burden hard to bear.



## Juliet Minus Romeo

By EVELYN HANSON, '26

"Goodby! Get some pictures of him anyway! Tell us what he eats for breakfast!"

Anita Townsend waved frantically and wept copiously as the huge ocean liner moved slowly away from the pier where her family and school chums were standing. She felt very important as she walked daintily down to her stateroom where Madam was already unpacking. It certainly was thrilling to be the envy of all Miss Castle's girls, for wasn't she going to be on the boat with the Prince of Wales and his party for seven days? She had promised every girl that she would meet him if she had to bump into him in the dark. No chance would slip by her on balloon tires, leave it to Anita!

That night at dinner she found that their table was about as near to the Prince's as the East Side is to Fifth Avenue but she would forget this little detail in her letters to the girls. Later in the evening she was exercising "Dearest," her French poodle, on the deck when she saw the prince coming toward her talking to a friend. Dearest, sensing something different in the male species, advanced, barking diminutive protests. On being ignored he decided to sample the royal tweeds and in that way brought about a very embarrassing meeting between Miss Anita Townsend of Washington and Bar Harbor and His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. The Prince apologized for incurring the disfavor of the canine and with a deep bow strolled on. Madam assisted Anita to her cabin where she was just able to dictate a letter to the girls. Such a thrill!

Wednesday evening was to be the fancy dress ball and word had spread that the Prince would go incognito. Anita planned to wear a ravishing Juliet's costume which her mother had brought from Naples. Every girl on the ship was trying to think up something startling to attract "his" attention.

The magic night arrived and Anita joined

the laughing throng who were trying to look as if they were quite rubbing elbows with princes in disguise every day. The dancing started and a bold Robin Hood asked her to stroll through Sherwood Forest with him. They danced divinely when a perfect Romeo cut in. They danced a few minutes and he gazed at her in a very romantic manner and said, "I have found my Juliet; fate decrees that we should dance through life together." Even if he wasn't a prince, his suggestion furnished a thrill that would satisfy a boarding school for a year. When the dance was over he suggested a walk on the promenade deck. They strolled in the moonlight a few minutes and then he offered her a steamer chair, saying softly, "I know not who you are but I love you as a true Romeo."

Anita was a bit bewildered by this unbelievable situation but the constant study of Ethel Dell's noble classics gave her a clue and she murmured, "My heart answers yours with gladness but first tell me who you are."

He knelt before her and said, "The Prince of Wales offers his heart and hand to you."

As she was about to turn her shining eyes to him she began to feel sick, nauseated, dizzy! She opened her eyes as a nurse said briskly, "Sit up and take this, please!"

Glancing around she saw her mother and father looking as if she had eloped with the minister and oh! there was good old Jimmy none the worse for a few bandages. Now she remembered. She had asked him to teach her to drive his little Ford. It was a horrid telegraph pole anyway; she had always hated the things.

Her mother in a rasping voice was saying, "Annie O'Tolle! Why did you do it?"

She caught a fleeting glimpse of a white-robed doctor. He was almost a rival for Valentino! She sighed blissfully and the ether claimed her once more!

## "The Thunderbolt"

By RUTH P. NORCROSS, '26

A thronging, pushing mob was on the Liverpool wharf awaiting the docking of the *S. S. Maritius*. Many eyes from the ships' decks were searching for familiar faces. However, Charles Longworth's eyes were not among this number. To be sure he was looking, but only to see if he could catch a glimpse of his new \$2,500 roadster which he had just purchased before his departure from America and which was to be waiting for him here. Longworth had a hobby and that hobby was cars. He often admitted that horses or any kind of animals did not hold any fascination for him, but automobiles, especially roadsters, were just — well, to ride along through the country at the rate of 45 or 50 with nothing to do but sit back, steer once in a while, breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the scenery, nothing could be better.

So this is just what our hero was doing one fine day until — chug-a-chug-thump and the Bearcat ceases to purr. Charles jumped out of the car, lifted the radiator hood, tinkered around for a few minutes and tried to start up. It functions not. Again, he looked at the engine, makes one or two readjustments but without any result.

And with an irrepressible "Blame the thing" he turned on his heels to find the nearest house and telephone for help.

Upon entering a fine mansion he was welcomed by a "Hello there, Algy; how's the boy? Pretty late aren't you? O, I see, you thought you'd walk out so as to limber up for the races tomorrow."

"I—I—don't," exclaimed Longworth.

"O, it's all right, don't worry about being late," adds a feminine voice from behind him.

He turned around intending to say something but was greeted by an open hand extended from a young girl.

For some unknown reason he accepted her hand and was immediately led from the crowd

out of the house and around the drive into some large stables where he noticed some exceptionally fine horses. These, however, did not interest him as much as the girl had seemingly expected they would.

They talked for some time about different things. He really meant to tell her about himself, that he wasn't a friend at all — but she was a fascinating girl and so amazingly friendly and agreeable that when he left her some time later to prepare for dinner he found himself as much at sea as ever. In fact, he decided he rather liked this little play of mistaken identity except for one thing and that was — the horse race.

He never had liked horses and now by means of closer contact he had grown to dislike them very much. He paced the floor of his dressing room for fully one-half hour, contemplating in what way he could possibly be absent from those races. Of course he could be ill but it seemed rather improbable and then again, inconvenient.

At 6.30 P.M. he went down stairs to dinner. He was welcomed by his host, a middle-aged man of seeming importance and also father to the girl. The other guests were likewise friendly and he found himself enjoying his new society to the utmost degree.

The evening passed pleasantly enough. The girl continued to grow more charming. It was evident that she liked him and he determined to himself that she was exceedingly interesting and entertaining.

The guests retired quite early that evening in order to be rested for the next day's activities which were the general topic of conversation much to Longworth's disgust.

He, however, did not go directly to his room. He took a walk under the pretense of just getting a breath of fresh air, but he went for the purpose of seeing that his car was safe. The road was untraveled and



he found his Bearcat standing safe and sure just where he had left it.

By a sudden incentive he tried the starter, but again, without result. So, thoroughly disgusted with the world in general, he started back to the house.

Charles went to bed intending to sleep but did not do this immediately and when sleep did come it was interrupted by unpleasant dreams dealing with horses of every description.

Longworth arose comparatively early the next morning and went down to the stables. One of the grooms took him to his steed who was evidently in fine spirits and appeared anything but bashful to Longworth. The rider was informed that the horse's name was Thunderbolt, "which is truly a fine name for the animal" added his escort, "as he has thrown and injured many a good rider."

More discouraged than ever, Longworth returned to the house. The guests gradually came downstairs all having an increased enthusiasm concerning that which was the biggest tragedy in Longworth's young life, as he thought. If only something could happen to save him.

But, nothing happened and at 10 A.M., he found himself attired for the ride and awaiting the signal to start.

A shot was fired and they were off! All except Longworth who had tried to mount, fallen, and tried again with success. Thunderbolt reared a little, then with a sudden impulsive motion, dashed forward. Longworth was nearly thrown from the stirrups. He could hear the unfavorable comments from the side lines. His head was swimming. He felt angry with himself and the whole affair and with this anger arose a feeling that he would stay on that horse or die. And stay on it he did.

He rode in a daze, feeling himself first on Thunderbolt's ears, then on his tail, but on the horse at any rate. He was there, too, when they dashed up to the goal amid many cheers.

He was only a greenhorn and this had been the reason for his victory: for he had won the races that day.

The girl was now more lovely than ever. Everything seemed O.K. But a half hour later a telegram came saying that Algernon Balscom had been killed in an automobile accident late yesterday afternoon while on his way to the home of Sir Thomas Chamberlain, whose guest he was to be that week-end.

After many tears, a great deal of disturbance and excitement, all eyes were turned towards Longworth. It was indeed an embarrassing situation. Here he had been imposing upon absolute strangers and he had been doing so with apparent ease. But now came a trial.

He realized that his only refuge was an explanation, so explain he did. There was a silence when he finished and this silence seemed unusually long to him. It was interrupted by the voice of the girl.

She tried to have him understand in reply to his apologies that it had been a big misunderstanding on her part but that it would be perfectly all right, if they could just be friends.

Charles Longworth from that day on became a frequent visitor at the home of Sir Thomas Chamberlain and a very enthusiastic participant in most of the many horse races. It may also be added that his most trusty steed, "The Thunderbolt," was now the object of his sincere attention rather than any Bearcat produced.



## The Fireplace

By ESTELLE HAMILTON, '25

There is something about a fireplace that stirs my very soul—

Touch of flame, hint of coal;

And my heart sings right in line

With the yellow and the purple and the crimson  
cracking time.

## The Irony of Fate

By ELEANOR JARVIS, '26

Mrs. Ellis's life was calm and serene, until—the doorbell rang. This commonplace occurrence surprised her in the process of scrubbing her kitchen floor. She sighed ponderously as she arose from her menial attitude and walked, hesitating, to the door. It would not do for the postman to see her in this fashion. People *would* talk about her not hiring a maid when she was so well off. Everyone knew her miserly disposition.

She bent down with effort. It was not her fault that she weighed one hundred eighty—merely inconvenience. Aha! Two letters. One was merely an advertisement. The other—

"John, John! Come here quickly!" cried his energetic spouse. "See what came in the mail!"

Now John was totally unlike his wife in appearance. As a foil for her stout frame he presented one extremely long and thin. He was much more nimble than she. From the back of the house he sped at her call.

"What is it, Bessie?" he asked nervously, coming upon her in great haste. "Has a murder taken place or what?"

"Don't be foolish," she pouted impatiently. "Someone has sent us tickets to 'Robin Hood' for this evening. (First balcony in the Third Row)" she read. "What luck!"

"Who is the benefactor?" asked John, in his most wet-blanket manner.

"Why-er-ah-I guess some one left out his or her card. Strange, isn't it? Maybe it's one of our old friends from out West coming to surprise us. I shouldn't wonder, should you?"

"Why, that reminds me! Tom Sherbourne from Denver came to town last night. Undoubtedly it's his little joke. Great boy, Tom. Has to have his fun. We'll probably see him there."

Bessie resumed her floor scrubbing and John his newspaper reading with lighter

hearts. Here was an evening's pure enjoyment with no thought of two dollars gone from their hundred thousand supply.

At quarter of eight Bessie donned her \$15 coat which she had purchased in Byman's basement, her husband shrugged himself into his 1922 suit, and they started off on their half-mile walk to the theatre.

The show, a comic opera, verged at times on the pathetic, and even John's cold, miserly heart was touched. Tears stood in his eyes, and his neighbors, seeing them, wondered.

It wasn't until the show was over that John thought of Tom Sherbourne again. His thoughts made him jump up with sudden alacrity.

"Bessie! I wonder why Tom isn't here? I haven't seen him, have you? Possibly the Masons in front were the kindly ones. They're awfully nice people."

The walk home was made in silence, as the softening spell of the theatre still had its hold on the pair. This mood lasted until they were inside the house, then—Drawers were flung open, and their contents scattered over the room. All was in upheaval.

"Robbed!" croaked John, hoarsely.

On the table they found a card, saying, "Now you know who sent you the theatre tickets!"



## Corporal Gorley

By JAMES ADAMS, '25

It was in the little town of Dunkirk on the outskirts of London that Jim Gorley brooded over his troubles. Jim, by nature, was not of the brooding class; since his return from the French battle front where his left arm had been made nerveless, brooding had become a habit. At the present time



his situation was desperate. Only earning a few shillings a week to support himself and mother, a strike had ended even this source of income.

He wandered by the shops of Dunkirk. Here a few loaves of bread were exhibited in such a tempting manner that Jim's thoughts expressed themselves with, "One of those would come in handy at home." As he glided by the counter, he deftly snatched one and started to slide it under his coat. About this time, he collided with a man, the shopkeeper. Holding Jim with a firm grasp the proprietor yelled for the police. Presently a Bobbie hove in sight and after hearing the story conducted the prisoner to a car bound for a London court that afternoon. Promptly at three o'clock, Jim's case was called before the judge.

A strange light gleamed in the Judge's eyes as the offender told his story. At its completion, the judge dismissed the court officer by saying that he would attend to the prisoner personally.

The room was soon empty and the Judge motioned the veteran to his side.

"Do you happen to know a man by the name of General Powell?"

"Yes, your Honor," exclaimed Jim, "he was my commanding officer during the big scrape in France."

"And you carried this man to safety under shell fire?"

"Yes," replied the veteran, wondering how the Judge was so familiar to his life history.

"Um—, I am Powell's father."

With this startling exclamation, the Magistrate drew a slip of paper on which he scribbled a few words. It was a check for 500 pounds.

Jim refused the paper but to no avail.

Then the nearly deserted court room witnessed a strange scene; a prisoner at the bar silently clasped His Honor's hand, and strode into the open, his left arm swinging listlessly, but a courageous light glowing in his eyes, for his true nature had returned—the spirit of Corporal Gorley.

A Prose Appreciation of Richard le Gallienne's Poem.

## Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn

By KATHERINE BENEDICT, '25

Between the dim obscurity of the night and the pleasant sunlight of the day comes a period of red-gold haziness called dawn. Out of this misty hour, a long dark object appears, takes shape, and suddenly breaks forth—a bridge!

A second object, moving, glides over the bridge with a jarring screech of wheels and brakes. It is the night car empty of the rushing crowd of the day.

As the shadowy light grows brighter, two watchmen are seen crossing the bridge. They barely nod, and pass out of sight. Not another figure is visible at this magic hour. Who would realize that this is the very bridge over which passes such a great flood of humanity by daylight—this shadowy web stretched across the tides of the river.



## Merely a Friend

By WINTHROP SMITH, '26

Private "Billy" Davis of Troop X had sowed the first seeds of friendship with a huge, half-starved wolfhound when he had fed him a part of his rations in the rear of the lines "Somewhere in France."

Through the days of anxious waiting for the order to advance, the soldier and dog were together until some officious commander told him to "chase that cur out."

On the twenty-eighth, Davis had a "hunch" that they were leaving that night, and so after waiting an hour for a chance to sneak out through the line of sentrys, took the dog to the nearest farmhouse where he managed to explain to the old French inhabitant that he wanted the dog cared for. After seeing the dog placed where escape would be impossible, he returned to camp.

Davis's surmise had been right, for that night they were ordered to the front. The moon was securely hidden behind thick dark clouds when Troop X left its quarters at 10 P.M. Unseen through the heavy rain by the prying eyes of the German airmen they reached the front in safety an hour later. Exchanging greetings with those going to the rear they took their places. A well aimed shell dropped just in front of "Billy" sending a shower of debris on the men in the trenches and splashing into the deep mud at their feet. A German starshell lit up a section of "no man's land" and for a moment a few Red Cross workers could be seen working near the German lines. In spite of international law a volley of rifle bullets followed. Far to the left came the sickening "zing" of machine gun bullets.

After about two hours of such action a call was made for volunteers to form a scouting party. Davis volunteered. Each man equipped with ammunition, rubber gloves, and wire cutters reached the German lines. In some way Davis got separated from the rest of the party but before going back he found as much information as he could.

Suddenly his progress was halted by the command: "Halt! Who goes there?" There was but one course to take—and that must be forceful. He drew his bayonet, and after a short scuffle, the German sentry was silenced forever in spite of his appeal of "kamerade." But Davis had not escaped entirely. He had received a bad cut across the shoulder from a sawtooth bayonet. With a bandage from his first aid kit he hurriedly bound it up as best he could. As he travelled on, the bandage slipped and before he knew it he was weak from the loss of blood. Dropping into a shell-hole he tried to remedy the trouble, but fell back exhausted before he could finish. Although not unconscious, he lay there in a stupor for about an hour when he heard a muttered exclamation, one of satisfaction, and he saw the gleam of steel in front of his face.

At that moment he heard a low growl and a long, lean body shot through the air straight at the throat of the German, knocking out of his hands the bayonet which, as it fell, pierced his gaunt attacker.

In the first gray light of morning a Red Cross worker found Davis, now unconscious, lying beside the body of a great wolfhound whose dripping jaws were closed on the throat of a large Hun.



### Not Guilty

By EDITH E. BEALE, '25

"No, yer honor, I didn't steal his ole bread, I borrowed it." The dozing spectators sat up and figuratively and literally began to take notice; what kind of a boy was this who talked calmly of borrowing a loaf of bread, when every one knew he had first stolen the bread, and then grinned at the outraged proprietor who had shouted, "I'll have the law on ye." Now Jim was having a taste of what that law meant.

The judge who was sitting throned in glory, deliberately flicked an imaginary speck from his coat and fondly stroked his mangy beard. There was no question about it, Judge Dingleberry was puzzled. It was not so much the science of the case—but—well, how in the name of common sense was he to satisfy every one. The people were plainly with the boy, while the irate proprietor shook a menacing fist in the direction of the judge's face. This action certainly was undignified thought Judge Dingleberry, and above all he *must* maintain his dignity.

"Who'd steal his stale ole bread anyhow," reiterated Jim. "Silence," thundered the judge, "or you will be fined for contempt of court."

At the word "fined," Jim's grimy face broke into an angelic smile. The idea of fining him was amusing when his only possessions were one Lincoln penny with a hole in it, a skunk's tail, and a rabbit's foot.



"Well," questioned the judge, "has the defendant anything to say in behalf of himself?" He looked expectantly at Jim.

"Tell that storekeeper to go peddle his papers. I wouldn't eat his bread—I only borrowed it for the afternoon."

"Now! Now!" patiently remonstrated the judge, "how can one borrow anything like a loaf of bread?"

"Tell him what we wanted it for," shouted some street urchins in unison, who heretofore had been sitting in a far corner of the court room, over-awed by all the splendor.

Jim shuffled his feet where could be seen one protruding toe. Jim eyed the toe sympathetically, then hid it under his chair. Next he shifted his gum from one jaw to the other, moved his one lone suspender further up on his skinny shoulder and grasping the rabbit's foot firmly in one hand he said, "Well, yer see, it wuz this er way. We all wuz playing court and Thomas Jefferson, there (pointing to a little colored boy) said we had to have something for the Jury to sit on, so I being the foreman of the jury borrowed this loaf of bread for the jury box."

The judge hid a smile under a pretense of coughing. The officer in whose grasp Jim was awaiting sentence seemed to be taken with a violent fit of sneezing.

An appreciative murmur arose among the people, as they stirred in sympathy.

Judge Dingleberry, impressively cleared his throat, smoothed his bald head and with great dignity pronounced the sentence of the shortest case ever tried in his sacred precincts: "Not Guilty."

### A Resolution

ELIZABETH DESMOND, '25

What did I see as the day came on  
Out of the dark shadows of night  
Into the dawn, while all grew bright?  
Lines of trees that reached the sky  
Glistening green and red—so tall;  
So morning came with a birdlike call.  
Such fleeting glimpses of the day  
O'er hills through vale and wood  
And hearing what men do and say  
Makes one feel, after all, "Life is good."

### Yuletide Spirit

By ELEANOR JARVIS, '26

With fall of snow comes Christmas,  
And peal of many bells;  
Yet it brings to the hearts of many  
Thoughts in which great longing swells.

To hearts of youth and gladness  
'Tis time of joy and mirth;  
And to folks of upward longings  
'Tis a time of sweet rebirth.

To aged and the weary  
A time of mem'ries dear.  
Can we do away with Christmas  
When it's best time of the year?



### A Traffic Squad

By M. E. FAIRWEATHER

I met George Lawrence the other day, and we began talking about the traffic rules in the new High School. George, in the course of his talk, put up, what I thought, a good plan for a traffic squad. This, to the best of my memory, is what he said:

"Since we have come to the new school, we have found passing through the corridors difficult. The reason for this is that we have little or no system. I think that if we had a person appointed for and from each Home Room, and one special officer for each corridor, we could remedy this. These officers should be appointed by the Home Room teacher and the special officers should be elected by these officers, whose appointments should be ratified by the Student Council and by all the teachers. At the head of this squad should be placed one of the men teachers. The Student Council could then suggest some traffic laws which would have to be ratified by the Student Body. Thus I think we could organize a very efficient Traffic Squad."

# The Children's Corner

## The Adventures of Teddy Bear

By ELIZABETH EATON, '25

"It surely is a meeting you don't want to miss," said Mrs. Squirrel to her neighbor, Mrs. Sparrow. "Be at the old pine tree at five o'clock sharp."

"I'll be there, don't worry," replied Mrs. Sparrow as she hurried inside the house to finish her cleaning.

Indeed, it was to be a most important gathering. Father Owl, as chairman of the social committee, had arranged an interesting program. At five o'clock—or rather a few minutes past, for every one waited for slow Brother Tortoise—Jennie Crow came forward and sang a very tender welcome-home song, accompanied by Doctor Cricket who played the violin like a professional. Mrs. Canary, soprano; Mrs. Oriole, alto; Mr. Blue Jay, tenor; and Mr. Owl, bass, then gave their original selection, "Fly With Me," which every one appreciated.

Of course, the noted speaker of the evening was Mr. Teddy Bear, who had finally escaped after his long captivity in Circus Land. The eyes of every one were fixed upon him as he rose, and, with a low and dignified bow, addressed all who were assembled there.

"My dear friends, it is just two years ago to-night since I walked gaily down that lane, feeling very spry and rested after my long winter's sleep. I had scarcely turned the bend and entered the moonlit clearing, when I thought I heard strange rustlings among the leaves of one of the trees. I stopped and cast a swift glance in every direction, but saw nothing. Nevertheless, as you can imagine, I was very uneasy, but I was more so about two minutes later when a very loud and terrifying noise pierced the air and I felt a strange sting in my right ear."

At this point in the narrative Jack Rabbit,

who had taken a front seat and was blocking the view of others by his long ears, uttered a cry of alarm. "There, there, Jackie, that's all right—I wasn't seriously hurt," explained Teddy Bear in a soothing tone. "The shot, as I later discovered from one of my Circus Land acquaintances, was meant only to frighten me—it certainly did that."

"Immediately after that shot I was seized and handcuffed, by two very rough humans, and bundled in a huge wagon which moved at an awful speed. The driver of this large box on wheels was indeed very careless. You might think that after treating me so rudely, they would try to show signs of wishing to be pardoned by driving through some of the places that I like, but no—the cart rumbled over loose cobblestones in city streets and rattled over boulders in country lanes.

"However, in a few days, I was set down in the midst of a group of wondering people of our own race who had suffered the same fate. Whom did I see but —"

"Was my daddy there, too?" interrupted Reddy Fox, whose father had been taken a short while after Teddy Bear.

"Yes, yes; I was just going to tell you if you had given me a chance. Whom did I see but Father Fox, dressed in a strange costume and wearing a hat, far too small for him, over his left ear. He told me that the best way to succeed in this new land was to obey quickly and never to allow any one to see me try to escape.

"In the midst of this well-meant advice a man, who, I was told, went by the name "trainer," came to take me to a very different spot. The following was the worst of my



experiences. Small round wheels, attached to boards, were bound to my hind feet; I was expected to walk on these. Now, imagine my luck! Every step I tried to take met with disappointment, for the wheels refused to remain still. They rolled and rolled. My left foot went north and my right foot south."

Here the talk was interrupted again by giggles and chuckles from the unsympathetic children, who had been allowed to stay up after their usual bedtime to hear about Mr. Bear's travels.

"But," he continued, "believe it or not—in a very few days I was able to roll along on those wheels with the greatest ease.

"My daily work was tedious and monotonous. In the morning I stayed in my iron cage; all the afternoon I performed before hundreds of small children who laughed cruelly every time the wheels rolled too far.

"I stood such treatment for one year and a half—no more; what could you expect? At this time my Circus was in a small village, bordering on a wood. One night I managed, through the negligence of my keeper, to escape from my cage. I ran quickly all night long and rested hidden, during the day. In this way I travelled for many days, not sure where I was going. But one night much like this one, I chanced to enter the same clearing from which I had been snatched away, and recognized my home at once. Can you imagine how surprised I was to find Father Fox slyly entering the very same clearing from the opposite side? You see, he had escaped the night after I had, and, because he was so much lighter on his feet, he had arrived there, luckily, on the same night.

"We found a night watchman at the gate whom I and Mr. Fox wish to thank now again, for guarding us safely until we arrived at our homes."

Mr. Bear was unable to continue his address and the remainder of the program could not be given for every one rushed

forward to welcome Mr. Bear and Mr. Fox home again.

For many days Mr. Bear, with the help of Mr. Fox, used to gather the children of Woodland around him, to tell them some new feature of his experiences in Circus Land.



## Poodles

By ELIZABETH E. EATON, '25

The poodle is one of the funniest dogs  
With such long and silky brown hair.  
I really don't know how he sees where to go  
But always he hustles or jogs  
Somewhere.

It seems that his ears must grow over his eyes;  
His voice is a pitiful "Bow!"  
His nose is a pug of the snubbiest type  
His eyes look so round and so wise  
Somehow.

His mistress he leads by a long, leather cord  
Up one street, then out to a park.  
He has but contempt for a commoner dog  
Who sits in a little tin Ford  
And barks.

Now tell me what kind of a life does he lead  
That dog of the silky brown hair:  
He sits on a cushion of lustrous blue silk  
And he never has any need  
Or care.

But what of the dog in the little tin Ford  
That rattles so gaily along?  
Why, he is the monarch of alley and lane;  
He never is lead by a cord  
So long.



## Christmas

By CHARLOTTE MURRAY, '26

What's the thing you like best about Christmas?  
The feasts, the presents or fun,  
Or the peaceful air that invades us  
E'en through the noise of the drum?

The little ones like this day because  
Their stockings with presents are jammed  
Bulging toys, and best of all  
With good things their stomachs are crammed.

Well, the thing I like about Christmas  
Is the fact that we get out of school,  
For two solid weeks of enjoyment rare,  
When we don't need to think of a rule.

## French Department



### La Lettre de Fernande Pacouret

AUDES, 25 JUILLET 1924

Très chers Bienfaiteurs et très chères Bienfaitrices:—Vraiment vous me comblez et je ne puis trouver de mots assez éloquents pour vous exprimer ma reconnaissance.

Je voudrais dire à chacun d'entre vous, généreux et chers grands Amis, toute la gratitude qui emplit mon coeur pour tous vos bienfaits. Merci au nom de ma chère maman, merci en mon propre nom, et puisque mes lettres paraissent vous intéresser, c'est avec plaisir que je correspondrai avec vous, à la rentrée des classes.

Pour ces mois de vacances et pour tous les jours qui vont suivre, je vous souhaite une parfaite santé et beaucoup de bonheur.

Nos vacances commencent mardi prochain, 29 juillet jusqu'au mercredi 1<sup>er</sup> octobre. Pendant ces deux mois, je ne quitterai pas mon petit bourg, je ne m'ennuierai pas pour cela, au milieu de mes petites camarades d'école.

Je me ferai peut-être opérer, dans la gorge; le docteur n'a pas voulu le faire pendant les grandes chaleurs, craignant de

trop me fatiguer. J'ai dû ne pas aller en classe ces jours derniers, j'avais la fièvre et beaucoup de saignements de nez. Mes yeux sont toujours larmoyants et le blanc est devenu tout rouge. Malgré cela, je n'aime point porter mes lunettes noires à travers lesquelles tout m'apparaît sous un autre aspect.

L'ardente chaleur de juillet nous a amené de violents orages. Dimanche et lundi, jusqu'à 11 heures du soir, d'immenses éclairs sillonnaient la nuit, suivis de formidables coups de tonnerre, qui faisaient trembler les vitres et me faisaient pousser des cris de frayeur. Puis, la pluie tant désirée est tombée, ranimant les plantes flétries par la sécheresse prolongée. Dans l'atmosphère rafraîchie, les batteurs sont à leur aise pour alimenter la batteuse et lui donner assez de céréales qu'elle sépare en paille et en beaux grains dorés.

J'aime beaucoup entendre le ronflement d'une batteuse, voir les volutes de fumée noire s'échapper dans l'air et considérer à l'oeuvre une trentaine d'hommes dont on perçoit au loin, les interpellations joyeuses.

Nos récoltes ne sont pas très abondantes et le gouvernement français achètera sans doute, du grain à l'Amérique.

Je serais contente de connaître les jours où je mangerai le produit de vos récoltes; il me semble que cela me rapprocherait de vous.

Ma maîtresse voulait écrire à la vôtre, mais comme celle-ci a certainement quitté l'école, elle ajourne sa lettre à la rentrée prochaine.

Je vous prie, Mademoiselle, et Chère grande Amie, de transmettre mes remerciements et ma profonde affection à tous mes Bienfaiteurs et à toutes mes Bienfaitrices.

Jamais, je ne vous remercierai assez et dans mon coeur reste gravé le souvenir de tous vos bienfaits.

Votre petite protégée bien reconnaissante.

FERNANDE PACOURET

à Audes, (Allier) France.



## Jean Oberlé et ses Expériences

By ALICE PEHRSON, '25

Jean Oberlé, fils de M. Joseph Oberlé venait de faire ses études de droit à Heidelberg, et il est retourné à la maison à Alsheim avec sa famille qui se composait de M. Philippe Oberlé, grand-père de Jean, sa mère, son père, M. Joseph Oberlé, et Lucienne, sa soeur. Après une causerie avec son père il a décidé de demeurer à Alsheim et de ménager la scierie et les chantiers de son père. M. Joseph Oberlé était désolé à cette décision parce qu'il avait l'ambition pour son fils dans l'administration allemande.

Bientôt Jean a rencontré de nouveau Odile Bastian, sa compagne de jeux d'autrefois, qu'il adorait de loin depuis plusieurs ans. Les parents d'Odile étaient des Français des plus rigoureux, et naturellement, ils se sont opposés au mariage de leur fille au fils d'un homme qui était Allemand au fond. Il y avait deux personnes à qui les jeunes gens se sont confiés, l'oncle Ulrich de Jean et le père d'Odile qui savait que Jean était Français au coeur.

La soeur de Jean, Lucienne, désirait épouser Farnow, lieutenant des hussards allemands, et cela posait encore un empêchement aux desseins de Jean.

Après des événements déplaisants, Jean a décidé d'entrer dans la caserne de Saint Nicolas pour satisfaire sa mère.

Jean a tenu sa promesse—pour un jour. Avec le secours de l'Oncle Ulrich, il a déserté l'armée allemande et s'est enfui à la France. À cause de cela le lieutenant Farnow a refusé de se marier à Lucienne, mais Odile est restée fidèle à Jean.



—Alors? Vous quittez Paris pour vous installer au Havre?

—Eh oui. . . . Pour que notre grand garçon qui est à New York se sente un peu plus près de nous. . . . (L'*Intransigeant*)

## Jean Oberlé

By RITA CAHILL, '25

Jean Oberlé est Français  
Grand, honnête, et heureux.  
Il est en fort belle passe  
Cela lui reste au coeur.

Il fait ses amitiés  
A une jolie jeune fille  
L'amour est partagé  
Mais elle pense à la famille.

Jean est un noble enfant  
Il tâche de faire son devoir,  
Et de plaire aux parents;  
Mais la fin est bizarre.



## La Famille des Oberlé

By ESTHER RIDEOUT, '25

De toutes les familles de l'histoire, probablement il n'y a jamais eu de famille plus divisée en sentiment que celle des Oberlé. Bazin, auteur des "Oberlé," a eu du succès singulier en peignant ses caractères ici, car ils semblent vivants au lecteur. Il y a aussi plusieurs questions intéressantes présentées dans l'ouvrage à l'égard des réactions des individus aux circonstances certaines.

Madame Oberlé tient peut-être la position la plus difficile de la famille. Agitée également par son patriotisme et par son amour pour son mari et sa fille, elle est le pivot de tout le roman.

Jean fait, dans son propre patriotisme, la chose qui détruit apparemment la tranquillité de la famille quand elle devient allemande. Mais son action donne au roman un fondement pour l'intrigue.

Lucienne, soeur de Jean, représente l'origine de la plupart des troubles de son frère. Sa fierté augmente toutes les difficultés à la maison entre son aïeul et son père. Cependant, son caractère est nécessaire ici pour un contraste.

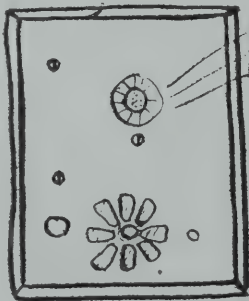
Bazin a créé des personnages dans une manière remarquable. Il les a fait agir comme nous, et voilà son succès.



Who made the orchestra  
what isn't?



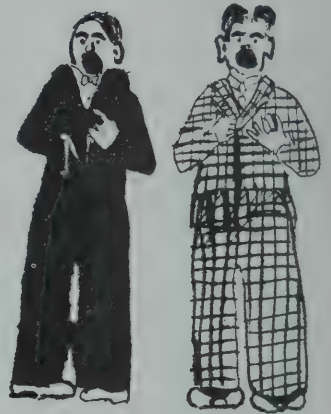
Who's the guy that locked  
his combination in his locker?



AWKKK  
Station G.H.C.  
Broadcasting



Who Let the air out of  
Mr. Frazier's Tires?



Who's going to stand this  
— Glee Club —

Who's Who  
in  
N.H.S

Who's the Fr





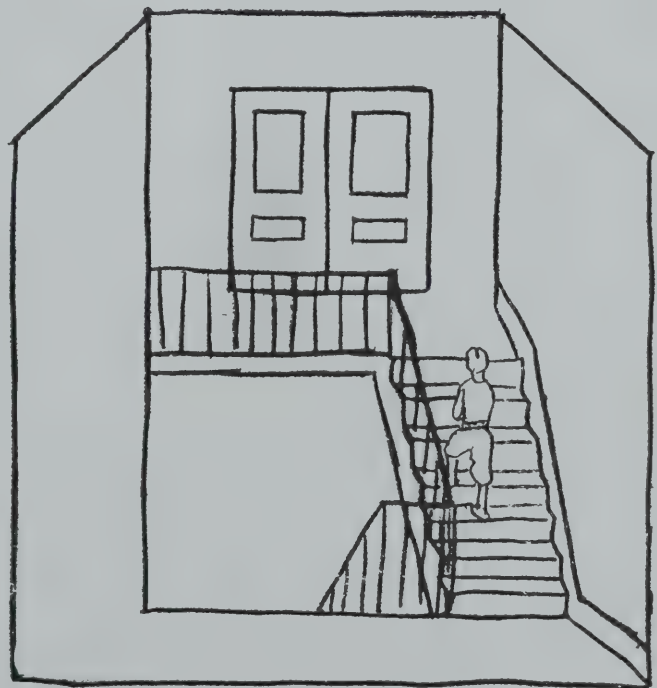
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Who wants  
shonten hours?

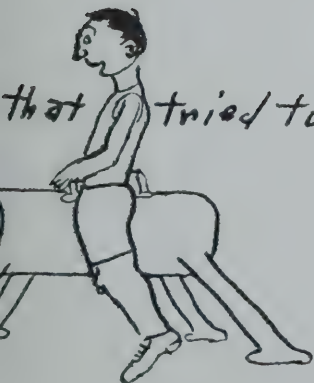


Who's the guy that gives  
'em the axe?

Who's the guy that goes up  
the middle stairs?



that tried to ride the  
honse?



**René Françoise Bazin**

By ESTHER M. BAKER, '25

René François Bazin, auteur français de prominence, est né à Angers en dix-huit cent cinquante-trois. Il a assisté à l'école de gouvernement pendant son enfance. Après cela, il a étudié le droit à Paris.

En dix-huit cent soixante-dix-huit il est devenu professeur de la faculté de droit à l'Université d'Angers. Avant qu'il eût trente-cinq ans, Bazin avait écrit deux livres, et il était de la rédaction de la meilleure gazette parisienne, "Journal des débats."

René Bazin a écrit des livres de description et de voyage aussi. Il est fameux à cause des oeuvres suivantes: "Les Noëllet," "La Terre qui meurt," "Sicile," "Terre d'Espagne," et "Les Oberlé," qui a gagné pour lui une place parmi 'Les Quarante Immortels' de l'Académie française en dix-neuf cent quatre. Son dernier ouvrage était, "Les nouveaux Oberlé." Plusieurs de ses livres ont peint la vie du peuple commun. "Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui," écrit en dix-huit cent quatre-vingt-quatorze c'est le livre que les lecteurs américains et anglais connaissent le mieux. Ce livre était traduit en anglais en dix-neuf cent quatre.

Bazin a un style abondant et aisé. Il est vif à décrire la vie vraie.

**Phrases Courantes Au Vingtième Siècle**

La guerre mondiale s'est terminée par le Traité de Versailles.

Il avoua et paya l'amende pour excès de vitesse.

Le monde entier souhaite un accord pour le désarmement.

La balance commerciale était alors en faveur des États-Unis.

Les fermiers étaient opposés à l'heure d'été.

La musique syncopée faisait rage alors.

Il passait sa vie au ciné.

Ce fut probablement le meilleur film de la saison.

Le vote des femmes s'imposa partout.

**Anatole France**

By GEORGE BURGESS, '25

Anatole France qui est mort nouvellement est un auteur de mérite. Il est né en France le seize avril 1844. Il est bien connu dans sa patrie et aussi aux autres pays du monde.

Anatole France a été nommé un satiriste gentil, mais un auteur ne vit pas de la satire et l'ironie seule. L'indignation de France est peut-être juste.

Il y a dans ses oeuvres une compassion douce, un charme indescriptible de l'expression et une clarté inimitable. Il choisit ses mots avec beaucoup de précaution.

La liste de ses oeuvres est longue. Elles varient en caractère mais rarement en qualité.

Il s'est fait fameux en 1881 par la publication du "Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" mais quelques critiques pensent que "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedauque" est sa meilleure oeuvre.

Il était officier de la Légion d'honneur et membre de l'Académie française. En 1921 on lui a donné le prix de Nobel pour la littérature.



Dans une école du dimanche, où les enfants apprennent par coeur de nombreux passages de l'Écriture sainte une jeune monitrice exhortait ses élèves à être bons pour les animaux.

—La cruauté est une chose affreuse, leur disait-elle. Les enfants doivent l'avoir en horreur. J'ai connu un petit garçon si cruel qu'il a, un jour, coupé la queue de son chat. Un de vous peut-il me citer un verset de la Bible qui défende une telle conduite?

Silence. Soudain un jeune théologien se lève, inspiré:

—Moi! fait-il avec orgueil.

Et il récite:

—Que l'homme ne sépare pas ce que Dieu a uni.  
(*Excelsior*)



# Alumni

To the Alumni: In this, the 1924 Christmas number of the **Advocate**, we thank you for your hearty support and appreciation of our school paper. We need your interest. We desire a closer connection between your classes and those of the present. This arrangement is possible only by your co-operation and your determination to aid in the success of this paper.

## CLASS OF 1924

Henry Anthony .....Norwich University  
 Gara Beale .....N. E. T. & T. Co.  
 Elaine Benedict .....Wheaton College  
 Helen A. Bond .....Office Needham High School  
 Jerry Bond, Jr. ....New Hampshire University  
 Dorothy H. Bruns.....Normal Art  
 Ruth E. Cookson  
 Jessie Crane .....Rimele Fish Market  
 Ruth E. Cushman .....Perry's Kindergarten School  
 George I. Davis .....Dartmouth College  
 Lois W. Dow .....Howard Seminary  
 Helen C. Faust, Asst. to Dr. Stevens, Copley Plaza, Boston  
 Archie W. Friswell  
 E. William Gourd .....P. G. at N. H. S.  
 Cynthia M. Gregory .....Miss Wheelock's  
 Reginald E. Gulliver.....New Hampshire University  
 George C. Hansis, Jr. ....Dartmouth College  
 Rachel E. Heald "The Little Shop," Needham Heights  
 Henry B. Hill.....New Hampshire University  
 Raymond A. Holt .....Springfield College  
 Frank I. Howe  
 Clifford R. Jones ....Bentley's School of Accounting  
 R. Madeline Kroll .....Normal Art  
 George C. Litchfield  
 Helen L. Mathey.....Miss Chandler's Business School  
 Ruth F. McCormack .....Simmons College  
 Ruth Nickerson .....Simmons College  
 Priscilla L. Packard .....Normal Art  
 Edmund G. Pond .....Norwich University  
 Tilly Rosenblatt .....Old Trusty Dog Biscuit Co.  
 Jerome F. Ryan.....Vermont University  
 Chester B. Sawyer .....Northeastern  
 Howard A. Satterlee .....Northeastern  
 Ruth E. Smith .....Miss Wheelock's  
 Ralph H. Studley .....Bryant & Stratton  
 Eleanor A. Tibbetts .....John Hancock  
 Gilbert Toone .....Mass. Institute Technology  
 Helen V. Whiting .....Miss Wheelock's  
 Dorothea M. Willgoose .....Boston University  
 Robert J. Willgoose .....Needham Trust Company  
 Raymond P. Wragg .....Frank Gorse Company  
 Robert C. Wilson .....Mass. Institute Technology

The marriage has been announced of Miss Doris A. Bliss, '20, to Mr. David Barrett of Auburndale.

Mrs. A. McCrea announces the marriage of her daughter Mabel B. McCrea to Wilbur J. Blades, '12, November 1, 1924.

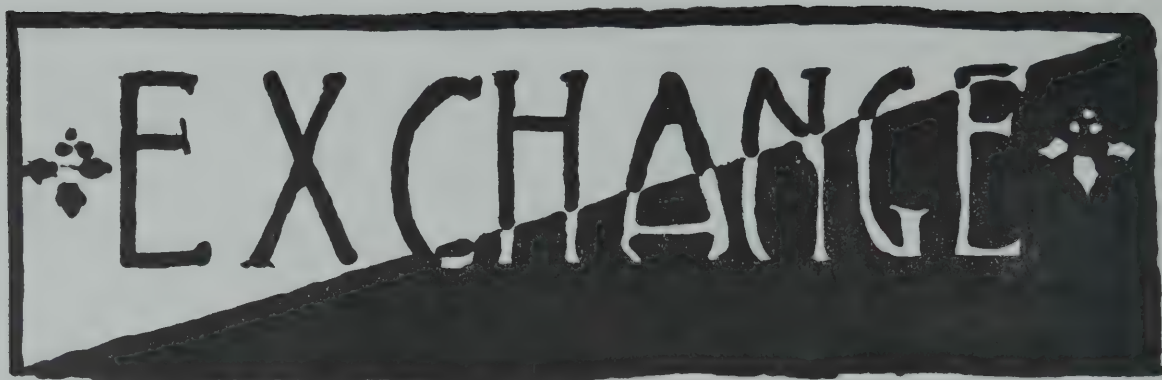
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Coppinger announce the birth of a daughter, October 29, 1924. (Edward Coppinger, '09.)

Jerome Ryan, '24, is continuing his football honors at Vermont University where he is a student. He has already made quite a record.

We feel that at this time special honor should be shown to the first graduates of N. H. S. They should be and are remembered with respect and reverence as the true sons and daughters of our school. Therefore we present along with the appreciation and remembrance of the students of N. H. S. the following list of classes, the first graduates of Needham High School:

	1868
Carolina E. Gay (Mrs. John Mills) ..	Needham, Mass.
	1871
Annie L. Mosely*	
Emma L. Hatch (Mrs. F. G. Horton) ..	California
	1875
Fred L. Dewing*	
	1876
Frank A. Eaton*	
Isabell B. Mann (Mrs. A. M. Miller)*	
Alice E. Mayo (Mrs. C. A. Hicks) ...	Needham, Mass.
Isabel A. Kingsbury	
Teacher, Avery School, Needham, Mass.	
Laura LaCroix (Mrs. F. H. Tucker) ..	Needham, Mass.
Carrie I. Hodge (Mrs. D. P. Moran) ....	Boston, Mass.
	1878
Ida S. Freeman (Mrs. E. A. Davis)*	
Frances M. Kingsbury	
Principal Dwight School, Needham, Mass.	
Roberta J. Hardie	
Mary J. McKenzie	
Adella M. Jones (Mrs. F. M. Kingsbury)*	
Emily G. Moore	

\* Deceased.



*The Brewster*, Brewster Free Academy,  
Wolfeboro, N. H.

Make your artists and poets work.

*The Pattersonian*, Mount Joy High School,  
Joy, Pa.

You have a fine exchange department,  
but a larger literary section would be an  
advantage. Your cover and its design is  
especially attractive. Where are your serious  
poets?

*The Torch*, Howe High School, Billerica,  
Mass.

You have some fine stories. Why don't  
you add an exchange?

*The Burdett Lion*, Burdett College, Boston,  
Mass.

Fine humor department. The addition of  
some more departments would make your  
magazine better.

*The Morristonian*, Morristown, N. J.

Some illustrations would improve the  
appearance of your magazine.

*The Sassamon*, Natick, Mass.

Why not have some cartoons? You  
have advertisements and a good literary  
department. A few poems would make for  
variety.

*The Arguenot*, Norwood, Mass.

We enjoy your humor and literary de-  
partment.

*The Spice Box*, Avon, Mass.

The stories you have are good. Why  
not have more?

*The Clipper*, Monmouth, Ill.

A very good magazine. Your humor  
section is especially outstanding.

*Peter's Piper*, Southborough, Mass.

You have a compact little paper. We  
were pleased by the way in which your  
material was arranged.

*The Artisan*, Mechanics Arts High School,  
Boston, Mass.

Where are your authors and poets? Your  
cover design is exceptionally fine.

*Boston University News*, Boston, Mass.

Your paper is a good recommendation of  
your school. It is complete and compact.

*High School Breeze*, Somerset, Mass.

The idea of an "Information Number"  
is novel and interesting. Why not print  
more stories?

*The Owl*, Bryant High School, Long  
Island City, N. Y.

Your magazine is interesting throughout.  
We are pleased to have you on our exchange  
list.

*The Blue and Gold*, Malden, Mass.

Your paper reflects neatness and school  
spirit.

*The Distaff*, Girl's High School, Boston,  
Mass.

Some poems would add to your paper.

*Philomath*, Framingham, Mass.

Why not have some poems? You need  
an exchange department.

*The Nobleman*, Noble and Greenough  
School, Dedham, Mass.

A fine athletic department.

*The Spotlight*, Valley Junction, Iowa.

Your paper would be better if you had  
some original work by your students. Your  
colored sport section is very up-to-date.



*The St. John's Echo*, St. John's University, Shanghai.

Very interesting articles. Why don't you have an exchange department?

*The Red and Black*, Rogers High School, Newport, R. I.

You must have good co-operation to publish such an excellent magazine every two weeks.

*The Radiator*, Somerville, Mass.

A very enjoyable magazine.

*The Voice*, Concord, Mass.

Some stories would add to your magazine.

*The Observer*, Peabody, Mass.

The only thing your paper lacks is an exchange department.

*The Unquity Echo*, Milton, Mass.

A well planned paper.

*The Tauntonian*, Taunton, Mass.

A few stories would add to the interest of your paper.

*The Red and Gray*, Fitchburg, Mass.

One of the best exchanges we have.

*The Aegis*, Beverly, Mass.

A good literary department. Have you no artists?

*The Imp*, Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

You could have a better literary department. We enjoy your original exchange.

*The Blake Torch*, Blake School, Minneapolis, Minn.

Very good literary section. Have you no poets?



## Class Notes

### Freshmen

At the first meeting of the Freshman Class a nominating committee was selected, consisting of Marion Steves, Jean Whetton, Franklin Wood, Levi Ladd, and Channing Davis. Their report was submitted and the following officers were elected:

*President*, Donald McPhail

*Vice-President*, Franklin Wood

*Treasurer*, Channing Davis

*Secretary*, Elizabeth Willett

The Freshman Class is represented on the football and hockey teams.

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH WILLETT, *Secretary*.



### Juniors

The Junior Class announces its officers for this year as follows:

*President*, Lars Nelson

*Vice-President*, Winthrop Newcomb

*Secretary*, Margaret Seymour

*Treasurer*, Russell Seaver

The Junior Class is proud of its members who have done such good work on the football team this year. We should like to take this opportunity to mention the names of Lars Nelson, Joe Whelan, Everett Wainig, Alvah Walton, Lawrence Devine, Winthrop Newcomb, Raymond Smith, and Donald Mitchell.

The Junior Class is also very well represented in the Girls' Hockey Team. Those who expect to get their letters are: Capt. Blanche Whelan, Bessy Gillespie, Virginia Tinker, Violet Killam, Eleanor Jarvis, Ruth Adams, and Ruth Newcomb. Others are Ruth Burgess, Alice Kingsbury, Dorothy Cookson, Esther Sutton, and Katherine Voorhees.

Respectfully submitted,

MARGARET SEYMOUR.



### Sophomores

The first meeting of the Sophomore Class was held October 3, 1924. A nominating committee consisting of Phyllis Clarke, chair-

man; Mary Marshall, Margaret Peticolas, Dwight Patton, and George Rice was elected. On the 7th the election of officers took place and the result was as follows:

*President*, Margaret Peticolas  
*Vice-President*, Eleanor Blackmer  
*Treasurer*, Harold Vincent  
*Secretary*, Mildred Packard

Another meeting was held October 19 for the purpose of electing a ring committee. Those selected were Phyllis Clarke, Helen Crawley, Margaret Peticolas, Fletcher Murray, and Robert Polley.

Quite a number of girls play on the hockey team. The sophomores have played one game with the Freshmen making the score 2 to 1 in favor of the Sophomores. Considering the short time the Freshmen have practiced, they are to be commended. Mary Marshall was chosen captain of the team.

The class is represented on the football team by Harold Vincent, Edwin Johnson, Sumner Adams, John Castagnetti, John Drinkwater, Robert Polley, and Howard Godfrey.

Respectfully submitted,  
 MILDRED PACKARD, *Secretary*.

*Senior Class Notes are reserved for a later issue.*



### EXCHANGE JOKES

"Are you there?"  
 "Who are you, please?"  
 "Watt."  
 "What's your name?"  
 "Watt's my name."  
 "Yeh, what's your name?"  
 "My name's John Watt."  
 "John Watt?"  
 "Yes."  
 "I'll be around to see you this afternoon."  
 "All right. Are you Jones?"  
 "No, I'm Knott."  
 "Will you tell me your name then?"  
 "Will Knott."  
 "Why not?"  
 "My name is Knott."  
 "Not what?"  
 Brr—clank—crash—stars—eth.

From *Distaff*.

Le roi Louis XV, encore enfant, sortait de Versailles avec son gouverneur; à la porte du palais, se trouvait un décrotteur qui se découvrit devant le jeune roi. Le gouverneur rendit le salut.

—Comment! monsieur, vous saluez un domestique? lui demanda le Roi.

—Sire, j'aime mieux saluer un domestique que d'entendre dire qu'un domestique est plus poli que moi! (*Le Petit Journal*)



### L'Amitie

La vie est une rose,  
 L'épine est toujours là;  
 Si l'amitié l'arrose,  
 L'épine tombera.

(*L'École et la Vie*)





## Atlas and the Melon

By RUSSELL SEAVER, '26

Atlas Briggs, who was both dark and young, staggered to the center of the road and waved a peremptory foot at the approaching street car's bobbing light. The reason for this staggering and foot-waving was quite evident when one saw how earnestly Atlas was endeavoring to emulate his famous namesake in being the sole means of support of an enormous green watermelon. The foot-waving having been interpreted right, the trolley stopped and a hearty voice from the rear bellowed vaguely into the surrounding blackness, "All aboard."

After about three trials, Atlas succeeded in getting his foot on the first step from where, with Herculean effort, he finally gained the vestibule.

After assuring himself that the pair of legs belonged to Atlas, and were not appendages of the watermelon, the conductor consented to identify him for the delectation of the passengers, thus:

"Wal, Atlas, ain't chu a mite late t'night?"

"Yas sah! Yas sah! Mah unkel were undisposed an' he needed mah he'p in de cooking ob his suppah, foh which savice he dun gimme dis yere wattah-melyun," was the reply from the depths of the aforementioned "wattah-melyun."

Atlas then proceeded up the aisle rolling his prize before him. All the seats were occupied so Atlas put his melon by the front door, and ensconcing himself upon the prize, flashed with a splendid air of impartiality an absolutely carnivorous smile upon his fellow-travellers. He then fell to scrutinizing the various advertisements which embellished the car. These kept his interest for about a mile and then palled on him. Several hopeless and unavailing attempts to seek a more comfortable position on his melon followed—then complete and absolute boredom.

The car commenced the long steep

climb of Stone Hill, the motor increased its tempo and the car decreased its speed until it was barely moving. Its floor was so steeply tilted that it was with difficulty that Atlas held his position at the end of the car and he seemed in immediate peril of slithering down the aisle and out of the vestibule.

Suddenly there was a fusillade of pistol shots outside; a few panes dissolved and sent splinters broadcast. The conductor appeared with his hands in the air, immediately followed by a businesslike gentleman, masked and with a pistol in close proximity to the spot where its efficiency would be highest in case of accident — on the conductor's back. He shunted the pale and palpitating conductor into an outraged elderly lady's lap. Still keeping his pistol much in evidence, he proceeded to rob systematically the passengers of their valuables, even choosing an occasional cravat or two which took his fancy. He was quite oblivious of our pop-eyed Atlas, who, in a rare burst of prudence, was frantically endeavoring to cover his water-melon with his own body which was woefully inadequate for such a purpose. Endeavoring to straddle it he fell completely off of it on the up hill side, giving it the necessary impetus to start it rolling down the sharply slanted aisle. The masked gentleman, who was busily engaged in stripping twenty-five cents worth of glass beads from an irate young lady, was blissfully ignorant of his impending fate. Atlas, perceiving the dire peril of his treasure as it gravitated towards the highwayman, scrambled madly after it. Atlas and the melon arrived simultaneously at the burglar's legs. He, being deprived of his supports, sat down on Atlas and his melon with decided emphasis, making quite a respectable pile. He was immediately added to by five or six other male passengers. After the object of all this attention was thoroughly subjugated, the pile dispersed and a quite audibly wailing Atlas was found at the bottom, literally

bespattered with gore (happily it was watermelon gore.)

Atlas' lamentations at last became coherent thus: "He done bruk mah wattah-melyun all up!"

On hearing this news the passengers immediately became liberal with their restored wealth, and soon all was serene.



## A Street Car

By W. J. GAUGHAN, '25

A street car is an exceptionally good place to observe all classes of people. Just as you are wondering why the gentleman in the seat ahead will not hold his newspaper so that you may read it, a woman is sure to give you an icy stare as she looks around for a seat. Is it possible that the days of chivalry on the street cars are gone forever?

Again, as you are trying to figure out how the man with the Van Dyke beard and the moustache ever keeps them in shape and how he drinks his coffee, a couple of silly flappers are certain to burst out laughing.

The fat woman of the street car is never missing. She is always there, pushing, puffing, and standing on everybody's feet but her own. She is so afraid that she will miss her street — and we pity the conductor in case of such a catastrophe.

Here and there one sees a man casting disgusted glances in all directions. He is probably saying to himself, "I'm glad I don't have to do this every day." Who knows, perhaps others are hoping for him, too.

Down in one corner is seen the honest, hard-working man, reading a newspaper and minding his own business. Without his presence our modern street cars would lose their democratic atmosphere.

And so, the street car still retains its supremacy as a point of vantage for the student of human nature and for those who would view the passers-by.



## An Ideal (?) Coach

By I. ROSS, JR., '26

In the locker room. "Now boys, you may take ten minutes to dress and remember not to put on your shoes before you go out because the cleats in the bottom of them mar the gymnasium floor. Thank you, boys. Be sure to put your hats on straight. Some of your jerseys are quite soiled but they will have to do for today."

On the field. "Will the first team line please come over here? The rest of you may do anything you like. There are five pails of water at the further end of the field if you wish some. Now you seven men of the line must learn to run fast in a bending position. That is to say you must put all the force of which you are capable into your legs. You two illustrate on this boy just what I mean. You must bend as low as your backs will let you. All right, you may start now. Oh, no, no! Don't be so rough. You might injure him. And look at his face and hands. They are as dirty as can be. Remember not to be so rough Saturday.

Now another thing. When you are about to tackle the man with the ball, don't run up to him as if you were going to kill him. Go up to him gently and clasp your arms tightly around his legs slightly below the knees. If you cling tightly enough the man will be caused to fall forward on his face. If the man looses the grasp he has on the ball you must pounce upon it like a tiger springing onto his prey and hold onto the ball. You need not try that this afternoon.

"All the boys come here just a minute. Now as you have had a really strenuous practice this afternoon you had better lie down for a little while until a bus comes to take you to the high school. Here it is now. Don't crowd boys."

In the locker room. "Everything will have to be short and snappy as it were, tonight, boys. Five minutes to take your showers and ten in which to dress.

## ? ? Years from Today

By BETTY DESMOND, '25

Late news flashes from Station HUH.

Organized gang of rowdies strike town. (F. Vellali believed to be leader.)

Count Esterhazy Burgessky, one of plotters against President Ladd, jailed as crook.

Trial of C. Donahue starts in the famous King mauling accusation.

H. Fuller works out new secretarial scheme, designed to elevate all around (??)

Most splendid banquet ever, Needham's gallant sons and fair daughters fill Town Hall, to honor J. Greene who orated to new heights.

Needham Guard, resplendent in magnificent uniforms of heliotrope and maize and bearskin hats, under command of Captain Fritz Wagner, impress the townsfolk with its very radiance.

Pete Matthes, once famous cross-word puzzle wizard, is wintering at Long Island.

Judge Whelan decides that the only way to stop speeding is to pass a law forbidding people to drive slower than 40 miles an hour.

J. Whetton, the football star, was badly bruised when *upset* at a recent football game.

R. Studley, founder of the Ketchum Quick Detective Agency, opens a new office at 1086 Chestnut Place.

The great Sir Alfred Gross, clergyman, physician, and scientist, first to advance the science of metallurgy, to visit his old home town.

Democrats hold post-mortem and decide to reorganize the reorganization under the supervision of V. Mulhern.

Patrolmen Trow, oldest man on duty, 15 years on one beat, given Carnegie Medal for act of duration.

J. W. Adams starts publishing his paper, "The Truth," (and nothing but the Truth). This will undoubtedly be a BIG success.



*Mulhern*: "There's someone in the corridor looking at me.

*Wagner*: "How can they bear it?"

Some people buy auto parts and some people live near railroad crossings.

Travel broadens one—sometimes just going across the street.

If a man has a broken nose in two places he ought to keep out of those places.

Never put off 'til tomorrow what you should have done the day before yesterday.

Went to school  
Joined the 'leven  
Played one game  
Went to heaven.

### Class Cracks

*Miss Caswell:* "Did you say: That he has wrote?"

*Newcomb:* "Oh no; Which he has wrote."

*Preble* (In physics IIIA): "If that answer was in foot-pounds is this one on horsepower, in horse-feet?"

*Wood* (In Latin IA): "If 'T' in Latin equals 'J' in English; does 'iam' become 'jam' when translated?"

*Mcphail* (Latin IA): "When did Latin die?"

*First:* I just passed by the ex-Kaiser's home and heard him singing.

*Second:* What was he singing?

*First:* "Ain't gonna reign no mo!"

—Texas Ranger.

Farmers are said to be considering the delivery of milk by Fords. Butter ought to be cheap soon.—*Passing Show.*

*Dick:* "Hawaii?"

*Bill:* "Hayti tell you."

*Jack:* "Aw, Guam!"

## Ye Knead'em Football Tournament

By R. SEAVER, '26

Eleven doughty warriors, clad in raiment of blue and white, thunder down upon ye green-sward. Five hundred of ye loyal retainers bellow lustily for thy valiant knights. Barely had these gained ye field of combat than eleven other stout varlets, bedecked in garments of red and white, also dash upon ye field, accompanied by ye blood-curdling yells employed by thy trusty vassals for the purpose of encouragement.

Ye combatants faced each other with threatening aspect at ye extremities of ye lists. Then does ye umpire, dressed in snowy white, tootle most vigorously on his trumpet. With a mighty roar ye knights of ye gridiron dash madly to ye bloody strife. They meet with mighty impact. There is much ado. Ye true knight of ye blue and white, one Sir Joseph de Wheylan by name, attempts to make away with ye leather egg, which is ye object of strife, but one of ye opposing knights smites him a mighty buffet. Then does a little man, arrayed in gorgeously striped porch-pajamas, most frantically wind his horn and proclaim in monstrous little voice, "Ye knave! Know ye not ye rules? Methinks you shall leave ye field for this dastardly knavery! Off with ye! Begone!"

But Sir Joseph de Wheylan lies prostrate, stricken, on ye gory sward. Two of ye infant squires are out right speedily with ye pail of soothing wassail. Soon Sir Wheylan is restored and ye bloody strife continues, unabated for many weary hours.



## A Street Car

By SIMONS, '25

"O George, I do wish that car would come along. We could have walked to Needham before now. Here it is twenty minutes of three, and no trolley in sight yet. The car should have been here fifteen minutes ago."



"Well," said George, "if everything comes to those who wait, that car is due here about now. But then it is probably not the fault of the street railway that it is late. Perhaps some cow wandered from its usual pasture, and chose the verdure between the rails as its position for continuing its daily meal. If such was the case, I do not know the motor-man who would be so inhuman that he would try to move the obstruction to the progress of his car from the tracks."

"Don't be facetious, George, I think I hear the sounds of the electric car now."

"No," said George, "that isn't the car; that's the daily train to Boston through the Heights."

Discouraged, the pair retired into the corner drug store. While leisurely drinking their raspberry phosphates, they were alarmed to hear the sound of steel wheels rolling on rails. They precipitately made their way from the store only to see the car speedily pass on its way to Needham.

### Tragedy

I felt the beating of her heart.  
So close was hers to mine;  
We could not wrench ourselves apart  
Her presence was like wine.  
But still the girl I couldn't win,  
So near and yet so far —  
For that's the way with strangers in  
A crowded trolley car!

### A Modern Tale

The Earl's daughter married a union bricklayer of New York, and thus the handsome, but highly mortgaged, English estates were saved.

Aujourd'hui en France on peut dire qu'il y a au moins 7 ou 8 partis politiques avec des programmes, des chefs et un personnel distincts.

Pariez avec un de vos amis qu'il n'est pas capable de casser une bouteille dans un sac vide. . . . Évidemment, il cassera la bouteille, mais le sac n'était pas vide.



## School Calendar

SEPTEMBER, 1924

Sept. 10—School begins.  
Sept. 11—John Greene found sitting on the Old High School steps waiting for school to start.  
Sept. 12—Harold Fuller lost, somewhere on the third floor, for three periods.  
Sept. 15—Miss Springfield informs the Seniors not to sit on the bleachers but to sit on the floor.  
Sept. 16—Last Monday when Miss Taylor said to keep heels apart, King was caught standing toes in.  
Sept. 18—In History class—4th period: Mr. Frost acquired a new expression: "Go to Russia."  
Sept. 19—Some of the *smartest* have created a new style; wearing their socks rolled down.

Sept. 22—Sam Ladd caught speeding in the direction of Wellesley.  
Sept. 23—Miss Caswell would like to announce that she found a black, round button in the library.  
Sept. 24—Betty Desmond almost drowned taking a shower.  
Sept. 25—Joe Wagner pronounced the star typewriting pupil.  
Sept. 26—R. Seaver made J. Whalen a knight today.  
Sept. 29—Found the owner of the black, round button. It was Donald Grey.  
Sept. 30—Mr. Frost says—"No more homework until next month."



#### NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' HOCKEY SQUAD

Front row: M. Burgess, A. Robbins, M. Petricolas, M. Godfrey, B. Desmond, B. Whelan, Captain; H. Crawley, A. Hickey, L. Brett, D. Brooks.  
 Second row: R. Burgess, E. Jarvis, B. Gillespie, V. Tinker, M. Marshal, M. Pease, E. Blackmer, M. Kilmer, D. Adam.  
 Third row: M. Gay, M. Macdonald, D. Atkinson, A. Atkins, E. Sutton, D. Cookson, A. Kingsbury, F. Rice, Miss Turbell, Coach; P. Clarke, V. Killam, R. Newcomb, E. Chamberlain, J. Keltie.  
 Fourth row: P. Richardson, M. Rideout, D. Blackman, M. Woods, I. Smith, B. Lovering. Fifth row: L. Eichler, E. Kroog, E. Rideout, Manager; E. Rohn, R. Adams.





NEEDHAM HIGH FOOTBALL SQUAD

Front row left to right: Johnson, John Whetton, Castagnetti, Gross, Captain Devine, Corbett, Arnold, Mallock.  
 Second row: Coach Delano, Vellali, Wagner, Donaghue, Haley, Mulherin, Waining, Nelson.  
 Third row: Vincent, Caunt, Mgr, Newcomb, Drinkwater, Whelan, Matthes, Cotter, Godfrey, S. Ladd, Scott, Polley, Latham, Mitchell, Rose, Asst. Mgr.  
 Back row: Smith, Adams, L. Ladd, James Whetton, O'Connor.



## Football

*Waltham 14**Needham 0*

On Saturday, September 27, 1924, Needham High journeyed to Waltham to play the latter in the opening game of the gridiron season. The game resulted in a victory for Waltham 14-0, but the score does not indicate the kind of a game that was played by our boys. For more than three gruelling periods both teams battled ferociously with neither team coming within the shadow of the goal posts. With but two minutes remaining to play, Waltham scored twice. It was a case of the "fittest surviving." Tracey and Brinn shone brightly for Waltham, while Whelan, Captain Gross, and Whetton starred for Needham.

*Needham 0**Belmont 0*

On October 4, the second game of the season was played with Belmont. Because of the good showing the previous week, our boys contracted a bit of over-confidence and were held to a scoreless tie by the supposedly weak Belmont outfit. The game was marred by a great deal of fumbling on both teams, but there were also a great many feature plays included. The passing game of Needham was carried out exceptionally well, nine passes being completed out of ten attempts. Whelan, Castagnetti, and Gross excelled for Needham, while Austin was the star for Belmont.

*Dedham 0**Needham 0*

On October 11 the home season was opened with our annual game with our rival, Dedham. Once again the Needham spirit prevailed, for we held a much stronger and formidable foe to a scoreless tie. The game was decidedly a victory from Needham's standpoint for we not only outplayed our rivals, but we stopped the everlasting string of defeats which Dedham has imposed upon us in the past several years. The battle

was hard fought on both sides with neither team in any position to score. On the whole, this year's team seems to be playing much better football than that of previous years. Mulherin, Captain Gross, and Whelan were bright stars for Needham, while Colbert and Walton played brilliantly for our opponents.

*Norwood 13**Needham 0*

On Norwood's home gridiron Needham lost to the former in what proved to be one of the most bitterly fought games in the history of both schools. Both teams battled to and fro waiting for the breaks, and finally in the second and third periods these breaks arrived in favor of Norwood. The first touchdown was made on a dropped punt and the last on an intercepted forward pass. Earlier in the game Needham suffered a few injuries to "Joe" Whelan and "Abie" Gross, which hindered our scoring power a great deal. Captain Speirdowis of Norwood dislocated his shoulder and was forced to retire from the fray. Also Lars Nelson suffered a severe cut over his eye which caused his retirement. Both teams played hard, clean football and as in previous games this season the breaks alone were the deciders. The work of both outfits was praiseworthy from all points of view.

*Concord 21**Needham 0*

After severing relations for a few years Needham and Concord once more resumed play and Needham was defeated by the score of 21-0, at our own field before a large crowd of spectators. Although handicapped by the loss of many of our first string men, we outplayed our opponents from every point of view. But once again the breaks decided, and within a few minutes of play Concord scored on a dropped punt. The next period

a fumble by one of our backs resulted in another score. The last score was made on an intercepted pass. Needham made a great many more first downs than Concord but luck seemed to frown upon us. Captain Gross received a torn cartilage in his nose after he had played a rip-tearing game, and had to leave the contest in the third period. Johnson and Castagnetti showed up well for Needham, while Pickard and Woodworth starred for Concord.

*Needham 26*

*Hudson 0*

In the opening of the Midland League football games, Needham was returned victorious by the score of 26-0, over her opponent, Hudson. The scoring came very quickly, for inside of four plays, our boys had scored two touchdowns. As the game continued, our scoring power increased and two more touchdowns ensued. This game was really a test as to what teams would figure in the fight for the league penant, and it now seems as though it rests on the coming game between Needham and Natick. The work of Waining, Nelson, Gross, and Whelan, along with the rest of the team was very praiseworthy. Kane excelled for Hudson as a defensive player.



## The Crucial Contest

By ALFRED GROSS, '25

The rivals met upon the field  
To fight for glory's sake,  
The captains meet to start the fray;  
The title is at stake.

The whistle blows and down the field  
With all their might and main,  
The warriors run to catch their foe  
To stop them from a gain.

The game is won and from the field  
They go off "on the hop,"  
The Midland League is settled now  
With Needham near the top.

## Field Hockey

The Needham High School girls started their Field Hockey season with the organizing of four interclass teams. The captains for the teams were chosen as follows: Senior, Betty Desmond; Junior, Bessie Gillespie; Sophomore, Mary Marshall; Freshman, Marion Steves.

Blanche Whelan was elected Captain of the regular Hockey team and Esther Rideout, Manager, with Alice Kingsbury for Assistant Manager.

### LASELL

The first regular game of the season was with Lasell Seminary at Auburndale. The first quarter of the game showed what seemed to be evenly matched teams but Needham weakened the second quarter and Lasell took advantage. The Lasell team were victors in the final score by 4 to 1.

The Needham team was complimented on the good game they played against a team much stronger and more experienced than themselves.

#### Lineup:

LASELL		NEEDHAM
Robertson	g. t.	Godfrey
Buffington	r. f. b.	Killam
Mortimer	l. f. b.	Chamberlain
Dace	r. h. b.	MacDonald
Saxton	c. h. b.	Desmond
Day	c. f.	Atkins
Hart	l. h. b.	Rice
Franshel	r. w.	Jarvis
Denny	r. i. f.	Tinker (Marshall)
L. Abbott	l. i. f.	Gillespie
E. Abbott	l. w.	Whelan

Score: Lasell 4; Needham, 1.  
Goals: E. Abbott, 4; Atkins.  
Time: Four 10-minute periods.  
Referee: Miss Douglas.

### LEXINGTON

The second regular game was with Lexington, at Lexington. Lexington has a very strong team and when the Needham team played them they were holding first place

## The Advocate

in the Hockey League. Needham, nevertheless, made a good start and were ahead in the first quarter. At the half the score was a tie, 1 to 1. Lexington began the second half by making another score and later on another one. In the last quarter the home team managed to score again making the final score 4 to 1 in their favor.

Lineup:

LEXINGTON		NEEDHAM	
Ballard	g. t.	Godfrey (R. Adams)	
Lowe	r. f. b.	Killam	
Terhune	l. f. b.	Chamberlain	
B. Wilson	r. h. b.	{ MacDonald	
		{ (Kingsbury, Adams)	
Brown (Cronin)	c. h. b.	Desmond	
Wilson	c. f.	Atkins	
Webster	l. h. b.	Rice	
Sumner	r. w.	Keltie	
Whittier (Foley)	r. i. f.	Tinker (Newcomb)	
Howe	l. i. f.	Gillespie	
Hrones	l. w.	Whelan	

Score: Lexington, 4; Needham, 1.

Goals: Whelan, Wilson, 2; Howe and Hrones.

Time: Four 10-minute periods.

Referees: Miss Kearney and Miss Phelan.

### NEWTON

The next game of the season was with Newton, at Cabot Park, Newton. The Newton team has an excellent system of passing the ball. During the first two quarters of the game, with passes and long hits, they made 5 goals while Needham made none. Needham rallied in the second half and made 2 goals. Newton also succeeded in making another goal.

Lineup:

NEWTON		NEEDHAM	
Hodder (Defren)	g. t.	Godfrey	
Frost	r. f. b.	Killam	
Angier	l. f. b.	Adams	
Pearson	r. h. b.	MacDonald	
Holmes	c. h. b.	Desmond	
Bryant	c. f.	Atkins	
Young	l. h. b.	Blackmer (Rice)	
Barber	r. w.	Keltie	
Aubin	r. i. f.	Newcomb (Tinker)	
Chase	l. i. f.	Gillespie	
Eddy	l. w.	Whelan	

Score: Newton, 6; Needham, 2.

Goals: Bryant, 4; Aubin, 2; Atkins, 2.

Time: Four 10-minute periods.

Referees: Miss G. Goss and Miss O'Brien.

### BROOKLINE

The Needham team gained their first victory of this season by defeating Brookline. This was also our first home game. During the first half Atkins made two goals for Needham. In the third quarter Redman scored a goal for Brookline. Needham also scored in this period the goal being made by Gillespie. In the last quarter Whelan made another goal for Needham.

Lineup:

BROOKLINE		NEEDHAM	
Rock	g. t.	R. Adams	
Gallagher	r. f. b.	Rohn	
Redman	l. f. b.	D. Adams	
Albrecht	r. h. b.	MacDonald	
Matsuki	c. h. b.	Desmond	
Densmore	c. f.	Atkins	
Kelsey	l. h. b.	Rice	
Bourneuf	r. w.	Jarvis (Keltie)	
Morse	r. i. f.	Newcomb (Tinker)	
McEttrick	l. i. f.	Gillespie	
Lewton	l. w.	Whelan	

Score: Needham, 4; Brookline, 1.

Goals: Atkins, 2; Whelan, Gillespie and Redman.

Time: Four periods, 10-12 minutes alternate.

Referees: Miss Osgood and Miss Smith.

The first interclass game between the Seniors and Juniors was played October 10. The Juniors were victors by a 6 to 1 score.

The second interclass game, October 16, was between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The Sophomores won the game with a 2 to 1 score.

Our first practice game was with Dedham at Needham. The Dedham team proved their superiority by getting 5 points to our 1.



She saves a lot of time, does Carrol  
She sticks her nose in the flour barrel.



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